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THE  
BRITISH  
MUSEUM  
FOR  
CHILDREN

F. Epps

G. M. BARNARD



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# THE BRITISH MUSEUM

FOR

# CHILDREN

By FRANCES EPPS



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## PREFACE.

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“THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR CHILDREN” originally appeared in the form of articles in *The Parents' Review* for 1906-8, and in that form was used by several teachers in connection with the Parents' Union School.

These articles were so much appreciated that the supply of *The Parents' Reviews* containing them was exhausted. Mrs. Epps was therefore asked to publish them in book form, and she gladly undertook to do so, as she was most anxious that British children should understand and therefore appreciate their great heritage, the British Museum. She was unable to finish the work she had so much at heart, as she passed away in August, 1913. Having had the privilege of studying Mrs. Epps's articles under her personal guidance in the Museum, I wished, as a mark of gratitude for her kind help, and with the assistance of her family, to carry through the publication of the book.

It has been found necessary to revise all the positions of the objects mentioned, and I have ascertained, through the courtesy of Sir Frederick Kenyon, that the further changes that must necessarily be made owing to the opening of the new Edward VII. wing will be very gradual, and need not alter the text of the book for some years to come.

The first change to be made will affect the upper Egyptian and Babylonian-Assyrian Rooms; some of the objects will be moved into the rooms at present occupied by those illustrating the Religions of the World. The positions may possibly be changed and probably new exhibits will be added, but none will be taken away.



For some years I have been in the habit of teaching from "The British Museum for Children," and though it is more interesting to those who can go to see the objects in the Museum, I have found that those who have been too far away to do so have entered keenly into the lessons and have made an effort at the earliest opportunity to see what they already consider to be "familiar old friends." To make the recognition easier, it has been thought advisable to illustrate the book with a number of photographs from the objects in the Museum, though it has been a difficult task to know which of the treasures to include. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co. for their valuable help in this matter. It has been quite impossible to illustrate the Greek Vases, therefore the "Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities" (Parents' National Educational Union, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., 1/-, post free 1/4) should be used when studying Chapters II, IV, V, and VI.

Should anyone wish for further illustration in the other chapters, they cannot do better than get the various fully illustrated British Museum Guides mentioned at the beginning of each chapter. Many modern books have pictures taken from the objects in the Museum.

In the first chapter, Mrs. Epps suggests getting a small exercise book and keeping a "Museum Note Book." I have found in the working that it is better to have a larger interleaved book and to proceed with it as follows:—Leave a few blank pages at the end for maps of the countries mentioned in the text, and at the top of the seventh lined page from the end, write "20th Century A.D." Then work *backwards* in the book, writing at the top of each lined page respectively "19th Century A.D.," "18th Century A.D.," &c., till "1st Century A.D." Continue then from "1st Century B.C." till about the

"45th Century B.C."—earlier dates can be added as required. Use the first few pages for the Prehistoric Times mentioned in Chapter I. Each century will thus have a lined page on which the facts are to be placed according to date, and a blank page for the illustrations of that century. As some of the illustrations will be taken from objects other than those found in the Museum, *e.g.*, Cleopatra's Needle, it has been thought better to call the note book "Book of Centuries."

Interleaved books thus named can be procured at the Parents' National Educational Union, 26, Victoria Street, S.W. (1/6 each, post free 1/10). It has been found helpful to have a separate exercise-book for pasting in newspaper cuttings about recent finds, and a small post-card album in which to place any of the excellent post-cards which can be bought at the Museum.

In putting these articles before the public in book form, I hope that many children and teachers may derive as much pleasure as my pupils and I have from the care and thought that Mrs. Epps expended in selecting the best from each Room as an introduction to more advanced study later on. In accordance with the principle of the Parents' Union School, that education should be the "opening of doors" to the great interests in life, the "Book of Centuries" may be started during school days, but it cannot be finished then, and will therefore prove a constant source of pleasure when more extensive travel provides further illustration and record.

G. M. BERNAU

(*Ex-Student of the House of Education,  
Ambleside*).

BLACKHEATH, S.E.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION AND PREHISTORIC TIMES.

As we pass along Great Russell Street on our way to enjoy our great national heritage, grown so great during two hundred years, that it will take us months, nay years, to study it, let us in imagination see the street as it was when the nation chose Montague House, Bloomsbury, in which to store and exhibit the treasures that had come into its possession.

“How far from town, so inconvenient,” said the grumblers of the time, for here, at this north-west corner by the Tottenham Court Road, stood a farm where boys used to trespass in order to bathe, or to fly kites! Next to that came some houses belonging to the “quality,” whose back windows had a glorious uninterrupted view of the Hampstead and Highgate hills, and sweet was the fresh air blowing from them over the meadows.

Next came two large mansions, in fine grounds. The first was our Montague House; the second, Bedford House, at one time the home of the brave Lady Rachel Russell, fit wife for a patriot; and it was the beautiful gardens of this house that are so pleasantly spoken of by Thackeray in *The Virginians*. But the garden of Montague House itself “had the pre-eminence” as an old writer of the time puts it, and as we walk up through them, in imagination, we see terraces and statues, groves of trees, lawns with beds of sweet flowers. And we are by no means alone in this beautiful garden: for a long time, people of fashion used to saunter here; can you see



them in brocade and high heels, in embroidered coats and lace frills? Can you hear their chat and laughter as they pass, with low bow and deep curtesy? One feels that these grand folk can have but little interest in the books and manuscripts, together with the collections, by this time arranged in the "large and handsome, if not very tasteful" mansion before them, and thrown open to the public, that is to say to such "studious and curious" persons as were provided with tickets which admitted them at stated hours, for a stated time.

The visitors—only ten were allowed in at a time, and one of the rules, sad to say, was that no children should be admitted—were taken from case to case by an official, and were often much disappointed to see and understand so little of the beautiful and interesting things before them.

Within a hundred years all was changed. Bloomsbury was no longer suburban. Lady Rachel's house had been pulled down about 1800; her beautiful garden built over, and the sad prophecy made at the time had, alas! come true, Great Russell Street had "become mere London, smoaky and dark." The farm, with its stream and fields and trespassing boys, had all disappeared; flowers could no longer be coaxed to grow in the now smutty gardens, for miles of houses by this time shut out the view of the northern hills, and the healthy breezes from them.

As for Montague House, with its grand staircase, painted walls and ceilings, that too had disappeared, bit by bit, as the present museum rose in its place. Fresh collections of all kinds came in by degrees, more and more space was always needed, till at last, not only was the site of the old house covered, but the greater part of the beautiful garden was built over too.

Now you are not obliged to be "studious or curious" to gain admission. All, learned or unlearned, children as

well as their elders, are free to come and go through the day as they please, and the place of the old grumpy official is filled by most interesting and well illustrated guide books, to be bought in the entrance hall, also maps and descriptive labels are to be found everywhere.

Before starting on the study of the different departments, will you prepare your museum note-book? \* When you hear that you are going to examine specimens of brother man's work, from all over the world, from all time—six thousand years ago (and more) till the present—you will feel you want a note-book in which to enter what you see and learn, so that it may all remain distinct and clear in your memory. This is the plan of our museum note-book.

Take an exercise-book of about twenty-six double leaves. Rule a thick line down the middle opening; this line represents the time of the birth of Christ. Now write the letters A.D. at the top of twenty pages after the middle line, and B.C. at the top of forty-five pages before the line. Each page represents a hundred years, and is to be headed, under the letters A.D., beginning from the middle line, first century, second century, on to the twentieth century; next, under the letters B.C., starting backwards from the middle line you will write, first century, second century and so on back to the forty-fifth century. This will bring you to near the beginning of your book. The first few pages are for writing down in order the notes you will make about some of the very oldest things in the museum, before history and dates began.

"What years and years" you will say, as you head your pages: some, a great many, may always remain empty; but, little by little, as you study the collections, travelling round the world from Egypt to Japan; from Assyria to Mexico, and passing through the centuries from

\* See Editorial Preface.



prehistoric times to the present, you will add to your store and make the old times live again.

The pages after the twentieth century, A.D., will be found useful for any sketches too large to find room in the century to which they belong, also to paste in cuttings about recent finds, and to write lists of books you may hear of, about the various times and countries you are studying.

Perhaps you will like first to enter a few names and facts that you already know. Queen Victoria? Turn to the nineteenth century, A.D., and write her beloved name towards the middle of the page. The founding of the British Museum? Turn back a page, and write it in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Great Charter? Still a few pages back, to the thirteenth century. The coming of the Romans to Britain? Open the book in the middle and write Julius Cæsar about the centre of the first century, B.C., and Claudius in a corresponding place in the first century, A.D.

And now, having admired the very green lawns, all that is left of the lovely old garden, and the fine front with its columns, and the pigeons (a little girl was heard to say she thought the pigeons the best part of the museum, but then she was very little!), we are ready to mount the staircase in the great entrance hall to the

#### *Prehistoric Room*

in search of the treasures from the "Time of the Very Beginnings," before the "High and Far-Off Times" that you will enter presently in the centuries of your book.

It is our good Mother Earth who has kept all these things, now stored in the cases before you, safely on her broad bosom, till men were ready to appreciate and try to understand the lesson they had to teach. She has kept the oldest of them for such long ages, that we can only

make guesses at how long, by studying the crust of our earth, and by carefully noticing how, when and where the various things are found.

We all know the interest and delight of a "find," whether it be a stone that may prove a pebble, or a fossil, or even a rabbit's skull, bleached by the rain and sun on the hillside; so we can well enter into the feelings of those fortunate finders, who, through all time, have picked up a chipped flint knife out of the gravel, an arrow-head or bead in a cave, or who, may be, more exciting still, while digging a well, draining a field, or even dredging the shore, have come upon the bones of some huge unknown animal. These things, if found since the beginning of last century, are studied, and compared and put into collections, and the bones are fitted together, and the skeletons completed and set up in natural history museums and classified and named; and as more and more are found in various parts of the world, we hope to learn yet more and more of the dim, silent past to which they belong.

But with the old finders it was different. Look at the table-case on the right, with the label "Superstitious Use of Stone Implements." The flint or arrow-head, seen to be different from ordinary unworked stones, as well as unlike any implements in use, was thought long ago to have fallen from the sky, or to be the work of invisible people, not ordinary men; it was thought, too, that little underground creatures must have lived in the caves and left their possessions there. Then followed the idea that the work of beings beyond nature must have powers beyond nature, and so it came to be believed that these stones would act as charms to give health and wealth to the wearer, or that if put in the drinking trough, the cattle would keep well, or that a little dust scraped from one, would make a fine powder for a sick child.



Can you fancy that, possibly, from stones such as these before you, may have come some of the beginnings of your favourite stories of fairies, elves and brownies? And what about the dragons and giants? Why, you have only to go and look at some of the large bones in the east wing of the Natural History Museum to realize how easy it must have been for people to think they were the remains of monsters, who grew and grew, round the family firesides, till the giants had at least seven heads, and stepped out leagues at a time, with voices and appetites to match; and the dragons, not to be left behind, acquired terrible claws and tails, as well as lungs that breathed smoke, and eyes that flashed real fire!

Before mounting the spiral staircase to the narrow gallery which runs round the north wall of the room, it is interesting to study in a table-case on the left the difference between flints rolled and chipped in a natural way, and those chipped by the hand of man. In some cases the flakes chipped off a flint have been put together again, round the core, and it will be seen how sharp the edges can be. And these flint tools or implements had need to be sharp and strong, for, as far as we know, they are the oldest in the world, and, again, as far as we know, were the only weapons that their makers and users had to protect themselves from the wild animals around them—and such wild animals!

Do you know Bournemouth Cliffs, Herne Bay, Eastbourne? As you will see by the labels on the specimens in the cases in the gallery headed "River Drift," many of these rough knives have been found in these places and in many more all over England and France, chiefly in gravel beds on the sides of old river valleys, and they must have dropped from the hands of our very oldest brothers when the face of the land was quite different from what it is now.

Change is always going on in this world of ours; occasionally suddenly as by an earthquake or a tidal wave; but more generally very slowly, as is shown in the changing of a coast line; think of this as you draw your maps. You may have seen how the chalk cliffs have fallen at Ramsgate, or the earthy ones have been washed away at Dunwich, between two visits, or you may have noticed how a river shifts its bed, ever so little, year by year, leaving gravel and stones high and dry that it used to flow over.

As you ponder over the map of Europe as it is to-day, and over those in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, as well as the models there, showing changes that must have taken ages to accomplish, try to imagine the north-west of Europe as it is supposed to have been when the Driftmen lived in it. The English and Irish Channels were dry land, so that the huge beasts who have left their bones among us—elephants in Suffolk, bears in Devonshire, reindeer in the Thames—could range about without hindrance.

The Rhine then emptied itself into a North Sea, whose southern shore lay between Scotland and Denmark, carrying with it, it is thought, the waters of the Thames and Ouse, much larger rivers than they are now. It is not easy to imagine the Thames stretching from Highbury to Clapham (see the relief map at the top of the staircase), yet the presence of the river gravel beds tells us of Father Thames' former greatness, and more than that, the chipped flint implements found in them show that there were men there to see it—countless years ago.

Perhaps you noticed a map of England at the bottom of the spiral staircase, stuck with black and white headed pins; the white ones show spots where flint knives have been found in the gravel, and the black ones the sites of caves that have been explored, and now we come to the cases of relics found in them.



You will remember Rudyard Kipling's delightful description in the *Just-So Stories*, of how a home began in a cave. The woman got tired of the wild ways of her wild husband, and of sleeping in wet woods, and tramping about, so she hung a horse-skin across the mouth of a nice dry cave, sanding the floor, making a comfortable bed, and kindling a fire. Then she said, "Wipe your feet, dear, before you come in!"

Most likely this is how people began to live in caves (barring the door mat!), and a most wonderful and romantic story is unfolded by means of the objects dug up from the various layers that form their floors.

The first inhabitants of a cave naturally left their remains the deepest down; in one case it was the hyæna, who left his gnawed bones—he seems to have preferred rhinoceros; next to that, the baby elephant left his milk teeth, you may see them in the Natural History Museum in the case of things from Kent's Cavern, near Torquay. Now, man living there (in one cave his favourite food was hare) went out one day never to return, and left his hare bones and his chipped flints behind him. The state in which most of these things are found, sealed up, as it were, in hard brown mud or earth can be seen in the pieces of "breccia," as it is called, shown in the cases in the gallery, and there is also a large block from a French cave in a table-case near the centre of the room; in it you can see very plainly the bits of bone and flints. On the top of this "breccia," in some caves, there is a thick layer of sand deposited by the floods, showing that for a long time in the caves there was no growling of beasts, no voice of man, only the quiet swish-swishing of the water, or the droppings from the roof. Presently the cave became drier, and perhaps some woolly bears and their cubs used it for a home, or even a tiger—a tiger of the sabre tooth—made it his lair.

Then another pause in the life of the cave, and more mould and sand laid down, and then perhaps a layer of earth containing better made and more varied implements belonging to man. Sometimes near the surface are found touching and beautiful relics from a time not so very far from our own, but ages and ages later than that of the first people who had sheltered from storm or enemies in that same cave-dwelling. You will notice the harpoons in bone for catching fish, the spearheads, arrow-heads, spear-shaped knives in flint, the bone needles to sew together the coverings of skins, the necklaces of shells and teeth.

Do you remember that the cat in the "Just-So" story played with a spindle whorl to amuse the baby? Here are some, from the top layer in a cave: the spindle on which the thread was wound, passed through the hole in the round stone, which gave weight as it was twirled rapidly round in the fingers.

But the most interesting and wonderful things of all, in the specimens of the cave-men's work, are their drawings and carvings. These first artists, their work comes chiefly from the French caves, picking up a piece of an elephant's tusk, or a smooth stone that lay handy, took their sharpened flints and sketched the great mammoth himself as he looked to their eyes, or the reindeer they watched fighting with horns locked, or the horses and oxen they saw feeding. They not only drew but carved the forms of the animals round them, to make handles for their implements, or to adorn their belongings. Beside the cast showing the drawing of the mammoth, done ages back, is a photograph of one of these huge creatures, as he looked when taken a few years ago out of the icy tomb of frozen mud that had held him for untold years in the cliffs of Siberia. In the Natural History Museum you will



find more pictures of him, portions of his long woolly coat, and his bones in great number.

Another set of prehistoric people have left their story in their kitchen refuse heaps. You can study it in this case containing a section of one of the mounds from Denmark. Since they were formed by the casting out of the daily waste, the coast line has had time to gain three or four miles, and the Baltic must have had a much wider mouth than it has now. These old people, who must have led lives such as the Terra del Fuegians do now, lived on oysters, not found in the Baltic now, and on other shell fish, on birds, and some animals, and they made rough pottery, and carelessly threw away good flint knives sometimes, as well as the old worn-out ones.

Close to these remains, which seem to bring with them a keen salt wind, and a feeling of great poverty, are the objects found in the various flint workings or mines.

After a time it had evidently been discovered that flints freshly dug out of the chalk were easier to work than the harder ones lying on the surface. So shafts were sunk and galleries made and here the miners worked with stone wedges and hammers, and these picks made of red-deer horn. One of these picks is particularly interesting, bearing as it does the impress of the miner's thumb (his thumbograph?) as he last grasped it with wet chalky hands. The little cups whittled out of the chalk are supposed to have held a light, as the galleries are some way from the surface.

Passing on round the upper gallery, we notice that the flint implements become less rough, better shaped, some are even ground and polished, and there is a much greater variety, for here you see specimens from all over the world, India, Japan, Africa, America; they belong to the prehistoric times of these lands, and have been found in



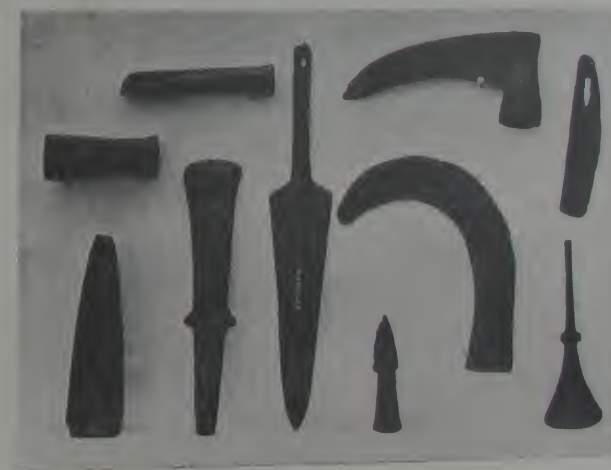
Stone Implements from the Drift. Hoxne, Herne Bay and Gray's Inn Lane—page 11.



Bones with Engraved Figures.  
Cave near Bruniquet, France—page 9.



Flint and Stone Implements.  
Ireland—page 5.



Bronze Implements. England and Ireland—page 14.



gravel beds, and in caves, as were those we have studied from France and England.

We must not miss some twisted-looking bits of wood found while draining a lake in Cumberland. Most of these pear-shaped implements, now so familiar to us, are supposed to have been fastened or hafted into wooden handles. Here is one of the few handles that have been found, and it must be compared with the interesting models and casts in a table-case below, and also with the objects in the last case you will examine before going down the spiral staircase. These objects are selections of the work of the savage people, as we call them, of to-day—the Australian Bushmen, the Caledonian Islanders. You will find much more of it in the *Ethnographical Gallery*; flint implements of every description, many hafted into handles like those from the old ones found in Cumberland; compare these modern ones with those from prehistoric times, and what a great chain we see binding the far away times with the present; and as we look along it, we can realize a little how a “thousand years may seem as yesterday,” or pass “as a watch in the night.”

You will find but little difficulty in choosing your illustrations for the first few pages of your note-book. The first page may be headed “River Drift,” and you will see a fine handsome specimen found with elephant’s bones in Gray’s Inn Lane, in one of the “Drift” cases, to begin with. On the next page “The Caves,” there are the earliest drawings and sculptures to copy, the tools, the needles and harpoons. The next page the “Kitchen Middens” will give the oyster shells and the rough knives. The following page will be given up to the “Flint Workings” with the chalk lamps and the miners’ picks.

Yet another page headed “The Stone Age” may be given up to sketches of the beautiful arrow-heads from



Ireland, the pierced axe-hammers from Denmark, the grinding-stones, the lance-heads and the flint arrow-heads set in metal for charms with which we began, and in which we fancied we saw some faint origins of our fairy tales of to-day.

If it is not possible to sketch all these from the cases, they will be found in the *Guide to the Stone Age*.

When standing before the large case containing the relics from the Swiss lake-dwellings, we feel that we are at last leaving the dark twilight in which we have been groping for the truth about very early times, and that we are gradually nearing the light of the dawn of history. Roman writers have mentioned these dwellings, and it is thought that a probable date for the earliest of them, at any rate, may be about the twenty-first century B.C. You might write "Swiss Lake-dwellings" in this page of your note-book, and will find plenty of work for your pencil.

Travellers tell us that in some parts of Central Africa, and in New Guinea, there are still people who make their homes in lake-dwellings, to get out of the way of slave hunters and other enemies. And so, with these old inhabitants of the "Playground of Europe," it is likely that they chose these water-surrounded homes to escape wild animals or wilder men. This was the way in which they set to work. A sunny shallow part of the lake was chosen, with a sandy shore; piles were driven in, sometimes stones were piled up between them to give strength and firmness. The piles having been made level at the top, a platform of wood was fixed on them, and on that again, square wooden huts lined with clay were raised. And now comes an important fact, each hut had its own hearth and corn crusher, a warm spot for the children of each family to gather round, and for the house-mother to make and bake the bread to feed them.

Examine closely the contents of this case; they lived well, these old lake-dwellers. Was it a hot, thirsty day? here are the seeds of the raspberries, and the apples dried and cored, grown in their gardens on shore, and here are the remains of baskets in which they could be brought, either by the movable drawbridge, or in the boats which must have been in constant use; or a drink of milk could be had in one of those well-made cups; one can fancy one sees the cattle on the shore in the lovely evening light lowing to be let across the drawbridge to safe quarters for the night—cows always seem in a hurry to go to bed. One can fancy too the pleasure the children must have had, swarming in and out of the water, fishing—those are the nets and hooks; going errands in the boats—here is a model of one made out of a tree trunk. A Roman writer speaks of the mothers tying strings round the babies' feet for safety, it must have been necessary!

These well-made pins, rings, necklaces, bracelets (some so small that they must have belonged to children), show that they were skilful with their fingers, as well as mindful of their appearance. Their pottery and weapons are carefully made and ornamented, and the latter show that they had passed beyond the stage when only stone implements were used, and that they or their neighbours knew how to get metals out of the earth, chiefly copper and tin, and how to mix them together and make bronze.

You want to know perhaps why nearly all the objects are black?

Fire was generally the end of these wooden villages; the various objects in burning became encrusted with charcoal, which preserved them (look at that delicate ear of barley) when they fell into the mud below—another example of the "Sealing-up" of kind Mother Earth, for later days.



And now for the bronze objects ranged round the walls of the room, and in the various table-cases. Suppose we begin with the one at the extreme left, headed "Founder's Hoard." All over Europe are found hoards or factories, where these Tubal Cains worked for all who came to buy. Here are the lumps of copper and tin for melting; here is the cake of bronze; here are the old worn-out weapons to be re-melted, and here are the moulds into which the hot metal was poured—moulds of swords, daggers, celts. And there in the wall-cases are rows and rows of the finished weapons, in endless variety, as well as beautiful shields from Ireland, with horns and bells and trappings of all kinds.

It is impossible to say exactly when men began to use bronze, different times in different places, and it must have taken years to bring things to such perfection as some of those before us. So perhaps instead of entering "The Bronze Age" in any century, it will be best to head a page with these words, next to that containing specimens of stone implements, and fill it with sketches of those you think the most remarkable.

The first faint streaks of dawn that we seemed to see while looking at the Swiss lake-dwellings, grow lighter and brighter as we turn to the British barrows; the cases along the north wall, as well as some of the table-cases, are filled with relics from them. Most likely we have all seen barrows, long, or round, in the New Forest, Yorkshire, or elsewhere. They are the grave-mounds of the ancestors of those brave patriots who later on defended their country—which is now ours—against the Romans. In many cases a grave-mound has been untouched from the day the mourners held the funeral feast and sealed it up with loads of stones and earth, and some of them, at any rate, may serve to illustrate the first chapter of British history, of which we know so little from written accounts.

One very large barrow contains only the remains of a little child, in another there is buried only one woman, generally they are family or tribal burying places, containing the skeletons of men, women, and children of all ages. In some cases they repose on their sides, as if laid to sleep, and the bracelets are found on the arm bones, the necklaces by the skull, the buttons where the garment was fastened. More than this, within reach of the warrior's hand, lie his stone and bronze tools and arms, his whetstones to sharpen with, his strike-a-lights to kindle his fire; near the woman are her needles and spindle whorls; even the children were not buried without their possessions, toy implements, or a polished stone or a shell, no doubt treasures of the little ones, which they might miss in the unknown land to which they had gone. In many burials, the bodies have been burnt and the ashes put into those large earthenware urns; and the various smaller pots you see arranged in such numbers, tall ones called drinking cups, the "incense cups," and food vessels, were all found grouped about skeletons or ashes.

An old traveller came to Britain about the fourth century B.C. (you might enter his name, Pytheas, in your book), and wrote an account of his travels, which has been used by later chroniclers, and we get from him glimpses of the life of the Ancient Britons of his day. Pytheas was interested in the fine wheat crops of Kent, and the large barns, and saw the family dwelling-places, and tasted the mead made of wheat and honey. He may have seen the lake- or marsh-dwellings, somewhat like the Swiss ones, and watched men adorning the pottery with lines and dots, such as you see in the wall-cases, and admired the women wearing beautiful amber or jet necklaces like these in the table-cases. A writer quoting Pytheas speaks of "a magnificent sacred enclosure and a remarkable temple of circular shape"; it is thought that this may refer to



Stonehenge, the model of which stands beside the case containing the block of "breccia." As you will see on the model, it is now thought that this wonderful group of huge stones was a temple for the worship of the sun, and dates from the seventeenth century B.C., but it will be safer to write this in your book with pencil. Certainly these barrow relics, and the objects in the cases headed "Late Keltic" on the east side of the room, give life and colour to the times associated with Druids and mistletoe, woad painting and wicker boats—you will find a model of one of these in the end of a table-case.

The Late Keltic antiquities, as they are called, are the work of British artists who had discovered how to obtain and work iron; see their fine iron swords, with the bronze scabbards. They also made these beautiful enamelled brooches (notice how like our modern safety pins) and ornaments, not unlike the Japanese *cloisonné* we admire so much now. Notice too the finely-shaped and adorned urns, the helmets, spears and lances. The patterns and style of work often show traces of foreign education, or the power to copy.

The case of casts of British coins on the wall, bearing the names of kings, and fine designs, such as the vine leaf, ear of corn, galloping horses, also illustrates this period, and will give interesting sketches for the note-book in the centuries just before the birth of Christ, and in the time between the Roman invasions. The ring and bar money that we have already seen in the cases was evidently no longer entirely used.

The connection between the Britons and their near neighbours the Gauls, on the other side of the Channel, is well shown by the Morel collection on the south side of the room. Killing and fighting there must have been from the "Very Beginnings," but here amongst the possessions of the old Gauls and Britons these cases seem to bring to

us the very clash and din of battle; the warriors in these helmets and shields, driving all before them, as they settled in the lands they conquered and plundered, using these deadly swords and daggers; fighting amongst themselves, as well as with enemies—till the great Cæsar himself passed victoriously by that way. You can find the account of it all in his *Gallic Wars*.

Look at those chariot tyres; they come, with a large number of beautiful weapons and ornaments, from a great Gaulish warrior's grave in the fifth century B.C. He was found lying in the open chariot that had borne him through the fight, the fine trappings and bits of his horses before him. Can you not almost hear the sound of similar British chariot wheels of three or four hundred years later, their axles ending in terrible scythes, as they scrunched down the beach, pell-mell, to prevent their foes landing that August morning about two thousand years ago? Cæsar's keen eye had seen the white cliffs in the sunshine, as we now see those of France from Ramsgate and Dover. But then, as now, Britons never knew when they were beaten, and after much tough fighting the country was left to itself for another hundred years. Cæsar's calm, determined face, bearing the marks of self-control, as you see it in his bust in the Roman Gallery just inside the entrance door, helps us to understand the wonderful grip he had over the minds of men, and the great things he was able to accomplish.

Linger, if you will, before Claudius, Hadrian, Septimus Severus, these fine old portraits that one feels are life-like, they will help you to realize the times we shall study next—the Romans in Britain.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*Guide to the Antiquities of the Stone Age*, British Museum, 1/-.  
*Guide to the Antiquities of the Bronze Age*, British Museum, 1/-.



*Guide to the Antiquities of the Early Iron Age*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Harmsworth's History of the World*, Parts I. and IV., 7d. each.

*The Bible Student in the British Museum*, by Kitchin, 1/-.

*Days before History*, by H. R. Hall, 1/-.

*The Cave Boy*, by M. A. M'Intyre, 1/-.

*The Threshold of History*, by H. R. Hall, 1/-.

The three last published by Geo. G. Harrap & Co., 2 & 3, Portsmouth Street, Kingsway, W.C.

## CHAPTER II.

### BRITAIN—A ROMAN PROVINCE.

You have seen a great searchlight, flashing from tower or ship, suddenly make a dim and distant view as clear as day?

We have, in the *Prehistoric Room*, been peering back into the dim and distant view of the past. We have had glimpses of shadowy British forms in tartan cloaks, may be, fastened by the ornaments and brooches in the cases; we have admired their necklaces of gold, amber and jet; we have pored over the treasures handled by them in life, buried with them in their barrow-graves; we have imagined their warfare and manner of life, from the weapons and relics that belonged to them. Perhaps we have even heard fragments of the wild stories they learned by heart, and chanted round the firesides of the village, thus handing them down to a far off generation, in the sister island, to commit to writing; we have also caught faint echoes of travellers' tales, from traders and others who came to explore.

But, so dark and still is the distance, in all this we have seen no faces, heard no names—that we are sure about—received no actual message across the years; we have only known that the moving crowds were there in the shadows, and that they, like the treasures they left with Mother Earth, and the words that we have from their lips, in the names of river and hill, belong to the soil. Suddenly comes the light, for what a change there is, in our point of view, when the Romans come upon the scene and gain a footing in the land! We immediately make acquaintance



with distinct persons, whose faces and names become as familiar to us as those of our near neighbours; they speak to us too, straight from tablets and monuments, even from books, in a language taught in our schools, and whose words, in great number, are crystallised, as it were, in our daily speech.

So long as our island remained a province of the great empire—nearly four hundred years—the searchlight thrown by Roman presence and influence shone steadily upon it, making its story stand out clear and distinct.

Recall any pictures you may have seen of Rome, its ruins, and beautiful hills, or possibly a panorama in which the great buildings, temples, baths, palaces, theatres, reconstructed, stand out in dazzling array; look again over your post-card collection, very likely you have one of the ruins of the great theatre or Coliseum. Try to build it up again in your mind. Far, far larger than the Albert Hall, there was room to seat many thousands, tier above tier, eagerly watching the games below. Think of the sunshine, shaded by the great awnings above, the garlands of flowers, the bright clothes of the audience, their wreaths, the splendour of the imperial party in their special "box," the impassive guards in their armour. The noise and excitement must have been tremendous indeed, when the enthusiasm of such a multitude broke beyond bounds at the sight of the skill and danger below them. "Doors closed"; well, what matter! think what there was to see outside, when those marbles were fresh and perfect, the statues and columns in place, and all was alive with colour and light and human beings.

Now you ask, "But where do the multitudes come from?" As you draw your map of the Roman Empire to fasten in your museum note-book, you will fill in, not only all the countries round the Mediterranean Sea, but crossing the Alps, add Gaul, now the "pleasant land of

France," and part of Germany, including beautiful Rhine-land. "Beyond Germany," says the old writer Tacitus, "lies a sea, the girdle and limit of the world, so near to the spot where Phœbus rises, that the sound he makes in emerging from the waters can be heard, and the forms of his steeds are visible!" Still one more province to put in, Britannia, our own foggy island. These countries were all conquered more or less completely, were kept in order by large armies, were colonised by Rome, were ruled by Roman law, and were taught Roman ways.

Now do you see where the crowds in Rome came from? Besides those who lived in the beautiful city and its surroundings, men were brought to the great capital by business, pleasure, or sad necessity, from north, south, east and west. You know one man, at any rate, who made a far journey to see Rome—St. Paul, in the time of Nero. You will remember, too, the story of the British prince Caractacus, brought to Rome with his family, after a long and brave defence of his country. No wonder as he looked round on the glories of Rome, that he bitterly wondered why his conquerors were not contented with all they already had, without taking his poor home, so far away.

And now, note-book in hand, let us look again, in the *Roman Gallery*, on the faces of our acquaintances. *Julius Cæsar*—his birthday in the seventh month gives July its name—who paid two short visits to the hitherto almost unknown island that lay in the mist, and who managed to find time to write books about his travels and wars in the midst of a most busy life. Little he thought of the generations of schoolboys, who at the beginning of their race along the "Via Latina," would pass many hours with "their Cæsar"! You will find another portrait of him amongst the Roman Cameos in the *Gem Room*. His name comes



about the middle of the first century B.C., and next to it that of *Augustus*, remembering as you study his face and write his name a few lines below Julius Cæsar's, his decree that all the (Roman) world should be taxed, and the Birth in Bethlehem, which took place while the taxing-census was being carried out in Judæa.

The name of *Tiberius* will come next, a few lines from the top of the page of the first century A.D., the Cæsar referred to when the Jews asked our Lord, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" and when they shouted later, "We have no king but Cæsar."

*Claudius* is interesting to us, because about a hundred years after Julius Cæsar had shown the way, the conquest of Britain began in real earnest, and *Claudius* came himself for about a fortnight to encourage the soldiers in their great and hard work.

Below his name comes the hated one of *Nero*. *Nero*, who "fiddled while Rome was burning," who persecuted the early Christians, and in whose reign occurred the terrible revolt of the Britons, under Boadicea, maddened by her wrongs. Will you write her name by *Nero*'s. Perhaps you have seen the group on Westminster Bridge? The queen standing in her war chariot, her long hair and mantle streaming behind her, as she urges her soldiers on to battle and revenge. It was *Titus* who finished the terrible siege of Jerusalem, and who was a steady friend to the great commander Agricola, son-in-law to Tacitus, the old historian who gives such a vivid picture of "when Phœbus 'gins to rise." It is from him we have the account of Agricola's voyage round the island, of his wars and campaigns, and forts, and of his fine work in road-making, forest clearing and draining. You will write these three names towards the end of the first century A.D.

And now, turn over the leaf, and near the beginning of the second century, write *Hadrian*, the great traveller;

you will find bronze medallions in the *Coin Room*, commemorating his journeys to Britain, Sicily, Syria; not for the purpose of adding to the Empire, but to see that all were well-governed, and protected from fierce neighbours. In Britain his name is connected with a great wall to safeguard the north. He was a wise and prudent man, and encouraged scholars and artists. /

A little past the middle of this second century write the name of *Marcus Aurelius*, the lover of wisdom, and writer of books that are prized even now. In one of them he says, after acknowledging what he had learned from his mother, that from his tutor he learnt "endurance of labour, to want little, to work with his own hands, not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander." Surely we hear the echo of these words in our "Duty towards our neighbour"? It was in this reign that the barbarians along the frontier gave serious trouble, and *Marcus Aurelius* died fighting against the Germans.

At the end of this century write *Severus*, who died at York, after a harassing campaign in the north. It was he who made the Prætorian Guards so strong, that practically the soldiers became the governors of the empire. The Romans left many coins in their British province, and you will enjoy recognizing in the *Coin Room* the Emperors you know by sight.

And now, after pausing to admire the fine statue of *Hadrian* in full armour, by the entrance to the *Reading Room*, and the two statues to "unknown" ones, civil and military costumes both finely shown, also the anxious-looking poet in the corner, we turn to mount the stairs again, to study the contents of the cases near the great bust of *Hadrian* in the centre of the *Prehistoric Saloon*.

First, shall we consider the soldiers? for it was they who first conquered the country, and then "settled" it.



What a scene the arrival of the legions must have been, as the many-oared galleys swept in to the shore, discharging company after company, the general, the centurions, the standard-bearer, the legionaries; little by little they gain ground, as more press on behind. Fine organisation and discipline, with oneness of purpose, tell against the mere bravery of the Britons, often bitterly quarrelling amongst themselves.

Here before us lie their fine helmets, swords, daggers, shields; on the boss of one of these is the very name of the soldier who owned it, Junius of the Eighth Legion; here, too, is a small section of the scale armour worn by soldiers, and we can glean other details of their appearance from the "imperial personage in armour" close by, as well as from the statue of Hadrian by the *Reading Room*. Do not these helmets, breastplates, shields, sandals, bring to your mind St. Paul's description of the Christian armour? He must have often watched his guards when he was in prison, putting theirs on and off.

You see in a drawer in *Case D* those deeply interesting bronze tablets, at least pieces of them? They are the military diplomas, lists of veterans, who, having completed their twenty-five years of service, had earned an honourable discharge from the army, the rank of citizenship (how proud St. Paul was of his citizenship, and how useful it was to him) and freedom to marry. The translation of these diplomas is in a case close by.

Some tablets mentioning British soldiers have been found in distant countries, as well as in Rome itself, for the great army ever needed recruits, and the strongest of the youth of a conquered province had to go. What a change for a Briton, to be taken from his home, where he had hunted, fished, ploughed and reaped a little, fought (perhaps a good deal) with neighbouring tribes; to have to leave all this, and become one of a great army, to be

disciplined, trained to obedience, marched for days and weeks, perhaps across the Alps or Danube, or farther still.

But the soldiers had other work besides fighting. Look at the map of Roman Britain on the screen. As the legions made their way across the length and breadth of the country, they needed forts and camps, *castra*, for shelter; these they built so strongly, that we can see many of the foundations to this day, and at any rate, the remembrance of them survives in the names of Chester, Lancaster, Gloucester, Colchester, and many more. Make a list of all you can find, and when you visit any of these places, if there is a Museum, lose no time in searching out what remains may be stored there of the times of the Romans. You will find for instance, a baby's feeding bottle buried with toys, beside the small owner, at Colchester; a tiny bear, spread eagle, quaint rocking horse four inches long, at Silchester, and endless treasures at York, Lincoln, Canterbury and Dorchester.

But these "castra" had to be connected by good roads, and so well did the Romans do this part of their work, helped by the Britons, who complained that their bodies and hands were worn out with the labour, that their highways are the best we have to-day; where necessary, forests were cleared, marshes drained, bridges built. Trace on the map of Roman Britain that you are making for your note-book, the chief Roman roads. There is Watling Street (perhaps you know the part of it in London, near St. Paul's?) connecting Chester and Wales with far off Dover. Ermyrn Street from London to Lincoln and York, the Fosse way from Devonshire to Lincoln. The milestone (*mille passus*, a thousand steps) by the door into the *Anglo-Saxon Room*, bearing the name of Hadrian, comes from the west, and reminds us of the measurement and careful tending of the roads.



In fancy resting beside one of these great milestones, in the days when they were set up, what should we see? Not only troops of soldiers marching by, but as the country became more settled, and cities were built and farms prospered, we should see trains of pack horses or asses laden with food and merchandise. Perhaps the traders might carry some of those steelyards and weights (to be seen in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*), to measure and weigh the goods they sold on their way: they are just the same shape as those used in the carts selling fruit and vegetables in Yorkshire now. If we are watching on a road that leads from a mining district we should see heavy burdens of metal borne along: "pigs" of lead, stamped with the emperor's name, cakes of copper, tin, all highly prized, as well as the smaller ingots of silver.

Look once more on the map to find a further work of the soldiers; the walls. You have only to read the names, Picti, Caledonii, to the north of the narrow "waist" of Scotland, to see why walls were needed. Perhaps you have seen a picture of the ruins of the most important wall, the one built by Hadrian, and repaired by Severus. No doubt you have often noticed on coal-trucks and coal price lists, the words "Wallsend coal," but perhaps have not connected them with the Newcastle end of the great defence. Fierce must have been the scenes of warfare, on the line of the wall—stone rampart, ditch and roadway—crossing the country to the Solway. At intervals there were turrets and forts, and many are the memorials of the soldiers who lived and died there; their tablets, records of their work, as well as the altars dedicated to the gods they served. In the *Gem Room* is a beautiful gold necklace found on the line of the wall with coins of Aurelius.

The next vision that the cases bring us is a peaceful one, of potters and glass blowers; the Britons were ever quick to learn, and some, at any rate, of these beautiful red pots and jugs and vases, and those fine glass jars and vessels, must have been made in the country where they have been found. Look at them well in the cases all round; there are also bronze ornaments of every kind, and all sorts of personal possessions, helping us to realize the growth of cities and colonies, and the families who peopled them. It has been said, that when a Roman came to a new country he brought Rome with him, and so we find all over the country traces of fine houses, baths, theatres, such as he had had at home, and particularly of his "villa," his beautiful country house.

Very likely you have been to the Isle of Wight, and have seen the foundations of the Brading Villa, and there are many more all over the country; passing through these ruins one is filled with wonder and admiration; here are rooms for every use, furnaces to heat the baths, and the 'villa generally, as well as traces of gardens, colonnades, statues, beautiful tessellated pavements, of which there are fine specimens in our Roman portrait gallery, and if we want to see the sort of wall painting that gladdened the eyes of those who dwelt in them long ago—such bright, clean, colours—we can find, near the *Gem Room*, those from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, flowers, birds, all sorts of graceful pictures, some as fresh as if done to-day. Why? Another case of Mother Earth's "sealing up," but this time it is with ashes and lava, amidst terror and desolation.

One loves to people again one of those old villas; listening to the rustle of the mother's graceful flowing robes, as she moves forward over the pictured pave-



ment—her name perhaps Cecilia, Drusilla, Cornelia?—to greet her returning husband home from the camp, or the city. There in a table-case in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*, are the shoes they might have worn, and besides the parents' slower, heavier steps, we hear the dancing patter of the children, there is no click of heels, but a full, soft, firm tread; those tiny shoes must have belonged to a very young traveller on Life's road. Perhaps the morning had been wet, and they had watched the raindrops chasing each other down the window-pane—there is glass from Brading—longing to go out in the sweet garden to run races, play hide and seek, or with their balls. But they have had to be content indoors; the boy, you see him in his white garment, with the golden bulla round his neck?—there are some of these in the *Gem Room*—at work with his tutor, who taught him reading from books he unrolled; writing, by guiding his hand, as he used one of these pointed styli, on wax spread on his wooden tablet. Did the stylus slip? there is the broad eraser to smooth it out. The boy must write well, for he had to copy out his own school-books, chiefly. For his Arithmetic were counting boards; think of this Roman boy when you try to read quickly dates such as MDLVIII., MDCXCIX., would you like to work sums with his figures?

The little girls, that wet morning, perhaps, sat beside their mother and her hand-maidens; you see the spindles and whorls. The garments were often woven to fit, and you can study their graceful shapes in the *Terra-cotta Room*; here are the needles and bodkins, too. Perhaps they played beside her at her toilet; examine the bronze mirrors, the combs, tweezers, little pots for ointment; or they may have looked with admiring eyes at their mother's ornaments; here we have an endless variety of brooches, bracelets, rings, and in the *Gem Room*, many

more still. One of the bracelets, to hold money, looks more unsafe than a modern pocket! There are the keys to lock all away safely, near the prescriptions of the oculists—one is for red eyelids—near the fish-hooks, and the seal boxes and the spoons, and many other lovely things.

And now, the father is home, is he Celsus, or Pudens, or Marius? The evening meal is finished, and it will soon be dark, so let us look at the lamps. In the Fourth Vase Room is a whole case—full of terra-cotta ones—you can find the moulds in which they were made, in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life*. You can see by the blackened rim of the holes where they were lighted. Notice the ornamentations, gods, gladiators, animals, and one with the fox and crow fable from Æsop (write his name about the middle of the sixth century, B.C., in your note-book). Perhaps this has been a favourite story of yours, though you did not realize you shared it with people who were young two thousand years ago, as you sat, when quite small, on your father's knee, listening for the exciting moment, when the foolish crow believing Brer Fox's flattery, opens her beak to sing, and—who now has the cheese?

A splendid store of personal possessions, as well as of stones of ruined houses and other buildings, has been found about seventeen feet below the busy, crowded, part of London, the city, and these you must go to see at the Guildhall. Look for the red pottery, which bears the illustration of another of old Æsop's fables, the wolf and the crane; another piece has a juggler with a skipping rope, and there are some lamp trimmers, some wonderful shoes, and much more that will interest you. If you go by the Thames, try to realize the position of the old British settlement on the high ground above the marshes,



near St. Paul's, followed by the Roman settlement between the Walbrook and the Fleet river, you can only find their names now. Then on any map of London you may have, trace in red ink the great wall built by the Romans not long before they had to leave. How are you to know where it is? Find the street now called London Wall, near Liverpool Street Station, and then trace it round by the names of the "Gates." Billingsgate, Ald-gate, Bishops-gate, Moor-gate, Cripple-gate, Alders-gate, New-gate, Lud-gate. Of the river wall and its water-gates we have no trace. A busy place it must have been, with the ships of traders on the river, as well as the pleasure boats of the rich, and much traffic from the great roads that entered at its gates from all parts of the country. You can write in your note-book, about the middle of the fourth century, London Wall and Bridge; this latter lasted a thousand years. Near the beginning of that century you can write the name of St. Alban, a British martyr for the new faith, and under that you can note that British Bishops attended a great meeting at Arles, in Gaul. Perhaps you have seen photographs of the splendid Roman ruins there.

Also about the same time belongs the name of the first Christian emperor, Constantine. This gives food for thought as to the spread of Christianity through the Empire; the tree, from the grain of mustard seed. You will notice as you pass through the Museum many of the altars dedicated to the old gods, the Tyrian Hercules, the Egyptian Osiris, the German goddess mothers, as well as the Roman Mars and Sylvanus, for the legionaries, as we saw, were recruited from every country. We know, too, that under some emperors the followers of Christ were bitterly persecuted, under others, they were let alone. Little by little the faith spread, churches rose on the sites of the old temples, and a new purer way of

life on the old habits and beliefs. What we see now in the dimness of the centuries, those early Christians saw in the full light of close and touching memories. This influenced them to do their daily work with industry and heroic cheerfulness, and to worship the God they adored, fearlessly and "quieted by hope." One likes to think of their evening hymn, the hymn of the "lighting of the lamp," rising from British homes. But alas! it was not for long. Even before the Romans had to leave (you must write this early in the fifth century) fierce heathen pirates began to come over the sea, "by the way of the whales," and settled gradually, a ship load or two at a time, along the coast that was nearest their Angle-land.

Then Rome was gradually losing her great power, enemies began to close in on every side, and more and more soldiers had to be called home from distant provinces to defend the heart of the empire, and so the legions left Britain, left the wall, and the camps, and the castles, and the cities. For many years the Britons, taught so much by the Romans, struggled and fought against wild foes from north and east. They sent piteous appeals to their old friends for help, groaning that they were lost between the sea and the barbarians, but no help could come; there was no help.

Think of the sadness of it all. Augusta, the proud name of Roman London, literally died of starvation. The supplies that used to come by the great roads were cut off by the raiders, there was no one to guard the walls, so the inhabitants crept sadly away, with little of the worldly goods they possessed, to try to win some safe spot in the west.

The villas they passed were too often smoking ruins, no succour there, so on they must journey, by forests and



by-ways, hiding in caves when they could, their only hope the mountains in the sunset.

So were Christianity and civilisation driven out, though, as we shall see later, not entirely, nor for always.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Count of the Saxon Shore*, by Dean Church.

*The Church in Cecilia's House*, by Walter Pater, Langham & Co., 47, Great Russell Street, W.C., 3d.

*London*, by Walter Besant, School Edition, 1/-.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW BRITAIN BECAME ENGLAND.

Let us sit together on the thick old ruined walls of Richborough Castle, near Sandwich; once a great fort of the Romans, it was left desolate, like the rest of the camps, and the cities, and the walls, when the last of the legions had crossed the Channel.

We look out now towards the shining blue sea in the distance, over green meadows fringed with willows and dykes, as we watch the sea-gulls circling round the peacefully grazing cattle. But when these grey ivy-covered walls were built, they could almost have seen their reflection in the water below, for the Stour, now choked and altered, in those days was deep and important, so that ships bound for the Port of London, instead of weathering the rough foreland, passed close under the castle, then on by the river's quiet course to Reculvers, and so to the Thames, "when Thanet was full iled."

It is strange to think that those fields have been formed since the walls were built; little by little the mud and stones were washed up, till the coast line and the mouth of the river became quite changed. Then the birds helped a bit, dropping seeds where no foot had trod, and then man began to drain, plough, and plant, and so, this little piece of dry land "appeared." You would like to hear what the diggers of a sluice, out there towards Sandwich found some years ago. A few feet below the earth and mud they came upon a sandy beach,



scattered with shells and seaweed, and amongst them, on the yellow sands, lay the bones of a little child, with a small Roman shoe, and a fibula brooch, like those you saw in the cases. The old grey walls, new then and sheltering numbers of soldiers and many families, looked down on the little one—perhaps escaped alone to pick up shells—overcome by the mud-bearing waves; they witnessed too the sorrow and despair of the fruitless search, and also fifteen centuries later, the finding of this little “Ginevra.”

But the salt east wind in our faces reminds us that we have come to Richborough to see something besides the ruins and the fields below them. We want to see (with our “inside” eyes) the coming of the long swift galleys, their prows like swans or dragons, filled with fair-haired, hardy warriors, rowing, or sailing if the wind blows as it does to-day, till they can safely beach their “cyulas” (“weel may the *keel* row!”) on the muddy sand. What a sight for the “guardian of the shore,” with his peasant band drawn up hastily to resist them!

See, the warriors are landing between us at Richborough, and the shining white cliffs of Pegwell Bay; we can almost hear the clatter of shields and arms, as they ship their oars and rush on shore, charging with their brown, glittering swords, and long rough handled spears. Mingled with the loud battle cries, we catch the words of command from the tall chiefs; their language is neither Latin nor British, but it is the true old mother-tongue of our English speech of to-day, which has given us more than half the words that we use. These men, who landed in force on this shore, and hundreds and hundreds more like them, who for many summers had been landing and settling on the coast from the Humber

to the Isle of Wight, these Angles, Saxons, Jutes, all tribes of one family, are our true, old forefathers.

“A long, long time ago” you will say, as you turn over backwards the leaves of your note-book (remembering that about three generations, go to a page) from the twentieth century of George V. back to the fifth, where you wrote near the beginning, “Romans left.” As you write in the middle of the page “Coming of the English,” think not only of a coming such as we have watched from Richborough, which met with fierce resistance and bitter fighting, but of the gradual coming, a boat or two at a time (there was often a baby sheltered under his mother’s cloak) and the settlement, in chosen spots, of the family, the Billings, the Paddings, at Billingham, Paddington; or of the followers of a great chief, of Alfred, or Clapa, at Alfreton, or Clapham. Both these sorts of “comings” went on till the end of the sixth century, where you can write, “Conquest of Britain completed.”

The Britons did not tamely submit to be driven ever further and further west, but they had lost any power that they had possessed to organize and hold together through the centuries during which the Romans defended their borders, and taught them so well the arts of peace; and besides, the times were too hard for them, with Picts and Scots ever bursting over the deserted wall to steal, burn and slay. These went home again with their plunder, but the other enemies came to stay, so determined to stay, that they did not even trouble to look after and keep the “cyulas” that brought them from over the sea.

Now shall we start the Anglo-Saxon map, to be fixed after the Roman one, already in your note-book? It must be large enough to show the eastern and southern



borders of the North Sea, for it was from these shores—"The cradle of the English Race"—that our forefathers came.

Draw a line from the Forth, following, roughly speaking, the line of the Pennines, the eastern boundaries of Wales and Devonshire, to show how the country was divided between the English and the British, when the "Settlement" fighting stopped.

Next, it is easy, especially if you put in the rivers on the east coast, to fill in the names of the conquerors in the various parts of the land that they gained. The South Saxons in Sussex; the East Saxons in Essex; the West Saxons in Wessex, which lay between the Welsh boundary on the west, and Essex, Kent and Sussex on the east, having on the north, Mercia, which stretched away to the Humber. The North-folk and the South-folk settled in East Anglia, and later on the beautiful northern land of hills, moors and rivers became Northumbria.

Now, these settlers drove out the Britons, some across the sea, some to the west country, and many were killed or enslaved; the bright light thrown by Roman civilisation vanished, as the new comers established their own customs, laws and religion, in their lots, and hams or homes, and holdings, villages and townships. These old customs and laws have influenced English life and thought all through the centuries, and whenever we mention one of the days of the week, or even our Christian festival of Easter, we recall the gods of our heathen forefathers, such as Woden and Thor, terrible gods of war and thunder, or the gentler Eostre, goddess of spring.

Would you know more of these strong men of old, how passionately they loved the sea, how daring they were, how they gave presents and feasted, how noble warriors died and were buried, and much more besides, you must read the poems about Beowulf.

One of the greatest treasures in the *Manuscript Room*, through the *Grenville Library* on the right of the *Entrance Hall*, is "the unique manuscript of the oldest poem in the English language," as the catalogue describes it. You will see too, by the label, that the manuscript dates from about A.D. 1100, that is, about six centuries after the English tribes had crossed the North Sea to settle here: the stories in this book had been sung or told round the winter fireside, handed down from father to son, for many generations, before they were written and read. You will notice at once, from the open page, reproduced in the catalogue, how different the writing looks from the present-day English; still, most of the letters are the same, and the roots of our words are there, so that with an Anglo-Saxon dictionary and grammar, the fine old stories can now be translated. There are stories of the little child who came over the sea alone in a boat, and "became a good king"; and of the king, long after him, who built a fine hall, in which he entertained his guests right royally. But there was a monster who came by night and devoured the guests, and both he and his dreadful mother were slain by the greatest of the guests, Beowulf himself. Then there is the account of Beowulf's long wise reign, and his last fight with a fiery dragon.

Truth and fable, heathenism and Christianity are mixed up in these wonderful old stories, and the scribes have made many mistakes, but the breath of the salt sea is there, with the spirit of daring, courage and energy of the race, as well as its faults. We love the picture of the Queen and her daughter graciously waiting on the guests, and to listen to the acclamations of the guests themselves as they receive their presents, the weapons



and rings and collars of gold. Beowulf's last directions in his "hearth-fellows" run thus:—

"I may here no longer be;  
Command the warlike brave  
A mound to make,  
Bright after the pile,  
At the sea's naze,  
Which shall for a remembrance  
To my people,  
Tower on high  
On Hrones-ness;  
That it, seafarers  
Afterwards may call,  
Beowulf's mound.  
Those who their foamy barks,  
Over the mists of floods,  
Drive from afar."

As you write the words "Poems of Beowulf" at the beginning of the eleventh century in your book, you will remember that the writing down was done then, and that the original songs of which they are made up, were most likely composed before the Angles came to their new home, and were brought with them, also that in the centuries which followed, the songs gradually developed, till at last one poet took them up to commit to writing.

And now, we will turn to the octagonal case in the middle of the room to find *Bede's History*. There is a translation given of the page that is open—you will notice that it is in Latin—it is the old familiar story of Gregory the Deacon, seeing the fair-haired slaves in Rome, and of his saying that they must be angels, not Angles, they were so beautiful! And the story goes on to say, that later on, when Gregory became Pope, he sent a missionary band headed by St Augustine, to preach to the boys' heathen countrymen.

We must go back, in imagination, to Richborough and Ebbsfleet to see them land, a very different invasion

from that of the fierce hosts a century and a half before, on this same sweep of sands. Cross and banners of Saints, Latin prayers and hymns took the place of the war flag, and the battle cry and din of fighting. You will remember the story of the reception of the missionaries by King Ethelbert of Kent, who had married the Frankish Christian Princess Bertha? How cautious he was at first, hearing the new words; then how the baptism of thousands followed, and later the spreading of the Faith to the north, by the marriage of Ethelbert and Bertha's daughter, Ethelburgh, to Edwin the King of Northumbria, and the preaching of the earnest Paulinus who went with her. Will you write the names of Ethelbert, Bertha and St. Augustine at the end of the sixth century? and of Edwin, Ethelburgh and Paulinus towards the middle of the next? Below their names you must write that of Penda, of Mercia, the fierce old warrior, who for years fought successfully against the new faith and was the terror of the country. Still, he fell at last, and by the end of this seventh century, monasteries for monks and nuns who wished to lead a holy, quiet life, had sprung up everywhere, great schools for learning had been founded, and many bishoprics and parishes had been organised and arranged. Bede, himself, who relates all this in the History of the Church before us, lived in the first half of the next century. He describes his life in few words, "I spent my whole life in the same monastery (Jarrow, in Northumbria), and while attentive to the rule of my order, and the service of the Church, my constant pleasure lay in learning or teaching or writing."

Think of the long, busy, quiet life. His teaching must have been hard work, for his school was large, six hundred monks, besides the strangers that flocked to him, and he was always learning himself too, Greek, Music, Arithmetic, Medicine, and much more besides, to make



text-books for his students. Then his writings: he collected facts from various districts, also letters and traditions of the old men, for his chief work, this history; there is an earlier copy than the one we are looking at, in the large upright case of Latin manuscripts. He wrote most of his many books in Latin (the strangers must have been glad of this), but also translated parts of the Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon. One of his pupils gives a touching description of the finishing of the last chapters of the translation of St. John's Gospel. The old man was determined to finish it before he died, and dictated the closing words to the weeping scribes about him, ever getting weaker and more breathless. But when the evening fell, the task was done, and the old scholar, teacher, writer, had gone home to say "Adsum" to the Master he served so well.

Beside the copy of Bede's *History of the Church* in the octagonal case, is one of the copies of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, the other copy is next to the *Poem of Beowulf*, in the case containing English manuscripts. Here lies before us the earliest history of this country in English; and the first part of it, from Cæsar to Alfred, is believed to have been drawn up by order of that great king himself. "Yes!" you exclaim, "I know him, he burnt the cakes, fought the Danes, measured time by a candle, learned to read in order to gain a beautiful book as a prize, built ships to meet the Danes on sea!" Indeed, it would take a whole book, instead of a few lines to say all we would like about Alfred, "the greatest of all kings," and "greater for what he was, than for what he did." Think well over that, as you enter his name, Alfred the Great, after the middle of the ninth century, and sketch near it, a raven, the bird of ill-omen, that hovered over our Island for many years, on the dread war flag of the fierce Danes.

From the same creeks and sandbanks across the North Sea, whence had come the Saxon "Cyulas," poured once again, in the ninth century, heathen chiefs and their followers, the wiccings, or vikings, in long swift boats, with determined faces, and long hair (you will see some of their swords and combs in the cases upstairs). They belonged to the same northern family as those who came before, pursued the same terrible methods of fighting, burning and killing, as they settled, year after year along the coast of East Anglia. Sometimes they were bought off, only to return in stronger numbers, always hating and despising the gentleness and peace of the Faith of Christ, burning the monasteries and churches, and ruining the civilisation that was then growing in the land.

By the time Alfred came to be King of Wessex, the Danish Vikings had spread over the country, and won many fierce fights: it is good though to remember that the raven banner fell into the hands of the English after a victory in Devonshire. You will remember the gallant fight of the young king, when all was terror and dismay; his reverses (the story of the cakes comes in here), his unquenchable spirit, and his brilliant victory in Wiltshire, followed by the equally brilliant peace of Wedmore; brilliant, because in it shone the character of the king, who was content to give up personal ambition and the dream of a united England, to a wise and far-seeing love of his country. For now, having made the Danes accept Christianity, in name, at any rate, and be content with a share of the land, he was free to set about reforms. Briefly, these were to restore the education so cruelly stopped by the Danes, to establish the laws and teach his people to govern themselves. He also gathered round him scholars, writers and artists, and here, before us is, according to usual belief, his greatest work—the



beginning of the earliest English History in English. His share was to compile the part up to his times from all the sources he could get at, from old manuscripts and traditions; then to give a full account of his own times. After his death, scribes in monasteries carried on, year by year, the account of events as they happened. These annals stopped in the middle of the thirteenth century.

The passage shown in the open page, there is a translation fortunately, gives an account of the great victory over the Danes by Alfred and his brother, in Berkshire; do you know about the valley of the White Horse?

While we pore over the two copies of the Chronicle, and realise by turning over the century-pages of our note-book, the long, long years they tell about, what scenes come before our eyes! Scenes in the early history of our country. You can fill in from your history book the names you know: Egbert, called the King of the English, in the first quarter of the ninth century; Ethelwulf, Ethelred, in the middle of that century; Alfred you already have. The great Dunstan, and Edgar, in the middle of the tenth century; the Chronicle says, that "Edgar the folks' peace bettered, the most of the kings who were before him."

Do you see the great point of the history being in English, instead of the more commonly used Latin? No living language stands still. Compare our speech of to-day with the language of the translation of the Bible about three centuries back. Compare that, again, with the English of Chaucer, three or four more centuries back. So, as the writing of the Chronicle continued from the ninth to the thirteenth centuries, we are given an opportunity of tracing through these years, the development of our mother tongue.

Returning to the tall case in which are Latin manuscripts, we find not far from Bede's history, the Roman

version of the Psalms, with a translation written between the lines, in Anglo-Saxon. This belongs to the eighth and ninth centuries, and is the earliest known rendering of the Psalms in English.

Above this is a very early copy of the Gospels in Latin, from the monastery of St. Augustine in Canterbury, and close by, lies the deeply interesting *Liber Vitæ*, or lists of the benefactors of the Church of St. Cuthbert at Lindisfarne, or Holy Island.

Cuthbert! Lindisfarne! how the words sweep one away north, from the solid Museum and its glass cases, to the breezy little island, across the sands from Northumbria. A goodly company of scholars and saints have crossed those sands with the deep pools, but their footsteps have left no mark, for Lindisfarne is a real island at high tide.

The grand abbey ruins stand out now against the blue sky, the light from the dancing, dazzling sea shines all round them—you should see the herring fleet come home in the sunset—and there are the billowy grass sand-hills, and the little pools in the rocks, and the "Cuthbert beads," as the children call the little fossil shells they love to seek. The spirit of the great missionary still broods there, as well as the shadows of the earlier ones, St. Aidan and St. Chad.

This "Book of Life" contains too, the names of those entitled to the prayers of the monks. Poor monks! It is sad to think of how they were scattered, also their books, and their treasures, when troubles came. Even the body of their sainted Cuthbert had to be carried across the sands to a place safe from the murdering and burning Danes.

But there are still many more manuscripts to examine in this case, the quiet work of the monasteries in those eighth and ninth centuries, when the English kingdoms



were fighting and struggling for the overlordship, and the Danes were harrowing the country. Pass along, looking at them; lessons, prayers, hymns, litanies, commentaries, Bede's *Book of Martyrs*. Perhaps the Book of the Gospels from St. Petroc's Priory in Cornwall, to be found on the other side of the case, is the most interesting. You see those small notes on the margin? and there are more on the blank pages at the end.

These are records of the setting free, from time to time, at the altar of St. Petroc's, of serfs, slaves. The ancestors who have given us the noble word *freedom*, and who have made us, their far away children, care for all that the word means, more than almost anything else in the world, these ancestors saw all round them the bitter sorrows of the unfree. There was the slave who belonged to the soil like the cattle; the prisoner of war, however noble; the man who could not pay his debts, or his fines for wrong-doings; as well as those, who starving in times of war and famine, were driven to "bend their heads in the evil days for meat."

Men like these were freed at St. Petroc's altar, by the generosity of some fellowman, each slave passing, as the collar was struck off, the prayer said, the weapon of the free put into his hand, from the outer darkness of dependence and injustice, to the joyous sunlight of the rights of citizenship, and the blessings of hope. Could you make a little sketch of the freeing of a slave, in the beginning of the tenth century? and also a map for the end of your note-book, showing the position of the Dane-lagh after the Peace of Wedmore; we shall find plenty to fill up this map, and the Anglo-Saxon one too, later on.

We will now leave the manuscripts for a while, to seek, in the small *Anglo-Saxon Room* above, the "very own" belongings of those far-away fathers of ours, whom we

learn to know in the poems of Beowulf, in *Bede's History*, in *Alfred's Chronicle*.

As we mount the stairs, and take a refreshing glance at the Celtic and Roman treasures as we pass them, let us feel that we are now going to see family relics. You know how we all prize the brocaded gown, the old book or ornament, that has been handed down from the grandmother, the great-great-uncle, or the grandfather four or five "greats" back; what an interest too, is the family "tree." Now, as you gaze round at the contents of the wall and table cases here, try to make yourselves realise that the blue eyes of your ancestors looked with admiration on the ornaments your eyes (are they blue too?) are examining now, and that their strong hands grasped and used those weapons that we can handle to-day.

Think of it—these things were made, prized, used, by our forefathers, in life; were laid beside them, in most cases, in their grave-mounds, on the breezy downs they loved so well, but not better than we do now.

Just inside, on the left of the doorway, see the remains from some great warrior's mound at Taplow; there are the drinking horns, cups and glasses, which having neither foot nor stand, must be drained before being set down. These carry us straight to the Palace of Heorot, where Beowulf and his "board-fellows" were so heartily welcomed by the king Hrothgar, "old and hairless," and where "the thane observed his duty, who, in his hand, bore the ornamental ale cup; he poured the bright sweet liquor."

The bone draughtsmen suggest a quieter scene than this, when the "strong of soul, tumultuously rejoiced," and the gold thread and garnets close by, are from a rich embroidery, which bring up visions of those who made the fine work, and those who used or wore it.



These must have been, "the gold adorned ones," "the dispensers of rings," "the bracelet-distributors"; and here, to hand, are beautiful buckles and clasps, ear and finger rings, brooches following in shape the Roman ones, and made of gold, silver, bronze, inlaid with gems and enamel. See too the fine necklaces of amber, gold, and amethyst.

Those Roman coins, pierced to hang as pendants, that Roman-British vase, both found in Anglo-Saxon graves, might tell us thrilling stories of how they changed hands. The toilet articles, spindle whorls, needles, bodkins, beautiful glass in blue, yellow and green, the piece of woollen stuff, and many other home treasures help us to realise that in spite of much fierce fighting and hard work in settling the New Country, these English women of old had some quiet time in which to care for their appearance, their dwellings and families. The mothers of fearless, free, warriors who held that to be slack or sluggish was the greatest shame, must have been "strong of soul" too, and throughout the old poems and annals we get glimpses of fine women. Such were Ealhild, "noble queen of chieftains" who gained the beautiful title of "faithful peace-weaver"; also Wealhtheow, "of mind exalted, who walked under a golden diadem," and gave noble counsels to her husband, Hrothgar, and his guests. Then there was the Lady of Mercia, worthy daughter of her great father Alfred, and many more. Mothers they were who mourned with dignity when their beloved ones fell, but who would not keep them back from the fight; when the stalwart lad came to take his place beside his father and kinsmen, it was his mother that girded on his sword, bidding him use it well, and remember that "Death is better for every man, than a life of reproach."

Here are the weapons, such as are constantly mentioned in Beowulf, swords, spears, knives; some very rusty and

decayed—remember they are more than a thousand years old—but in these early Anglo-Saxon days were new and bright, cared for with loving pride, till lost or broken in battle, or till laid, in sorrow, beside the "Happy Warrior."

Some of the swords are most particularly interesting, because they are inscribed with the oldest Anglo-Saxon writing (used before intercourse with Rome brought Roman letters) called "Runes"; one sword bears the Runic alphabet, which does not begin, A, B, but F, U. Another has these words on it: "Here Jonas asks to be cast into the deep;" and the names of the maker and owner in Runic letters are on one of the knives.

You will also find more Runes round the wonderful carved box, called the Franks Casket, which stands on a pedestal near the door into the inner room. These Runes explain the curious carvings on the sides and top of the box, such as those of the famous smith, Weland, who made Beowulf's war net, "the best of battle shrouds"; Romulus and Remus with their shaggy foster-mother; also Scripture subjects such as the worship of the Wise Men of the East. The Runes tell too how the material for the box was obtained.—

"The whale's bones from the fishes' flood,  
I lifted on Fergen Hill.  
He was gashed to death in his gambols,  
As aground he swam in the shallows."

A sketch of this casket would look well at the beginning of the eighth century, and the Runic letters would make fine borders for the early Saxon century pages, as well as the beautiful interlaced patterns you will find on so many things in this room. Especially are these to be found on the stone crosses, which were set up by the zealous missionaries who preached, to the bold worshippers of Woden and Thor, of a gospel of gentleness



and love. You will notice specimens of these crosses in and above the cases. They bear sculptured reliefs and songs from Scripture stories, and have lasted, through the years, as those who fashioned them with hammer and knife in the hard stone, intended that they should, as a perpetual reminder to the generations to come. Do you see that *we* have our place in those generations?

There is a beautiful cross in Northumbria, at Ruthwell; it would give a fine illustration for your book at the end of the seventh century, if you can find a postcard of it. Besides many carvings of saints, described in Roman letters, and a most interesting border of birds and animals, it has cut on it, in Runes, a poem about the Holy Rood, by Cædmon. Bede tells us about Cædmon in his history; how, like David of old, when alone in the fields, or with the animals he tended, the power came to him to make verses about the ways of God to men. Bede tells of the help Cædmon had, being a poor unlearned peasant, from the fine strong north-country woman, the Abbess Hilda, who, by the force of her character, was able to rule her large household of monks and nuns, and to guide scholars and priests, as well as counsel bishops and kings.

She heard of Cædmon's gift; the burst of Christian song, so like that of the blind poet of later days, was so grand that it seemed Divine to those who heard it. Listen to the translation of a few lines:—

“Now we shall praise  
The guardian of heaven,  
The might of the Creator,  
And His counsel,  
The glory-father of men!”

So Hilda sent for Cædmon, bade him leave his fields and herds, and come to study and write in the peace of her house on the cliff above Whitby. Enter the names

of Hilda and Cædmon about the middle of the seventh century.

We will next look carefully at a few more relics of these early Christian times. In a tablecase near the Franks Casket, you will find brooches in the form of a cross, and two very interesting seals. One belonged to Ethilwald, Bishop of Dunwich, in the middle of the ninth century. You ask why there is no Bishop of Dunwich now? If you have been to Aldeburgh or Southwold, you perhaps may have seen what is left of Dunwich, the crumbling cliffs, and the ruins in the field, and heard the story of the hungry waves and the fate of the old see and town of Dunwich. The other seal belonged to Godwin, athane—the comrade and servant of his lord, who bestowed on him land and honour—and on the other side of the seal is the name of Godgytha, a nun. This Godgytha may have been one of the many women left defenceless by the death of father or husband, who were glad to find a safe refuge in one of the “religious” houses, like St. Hilda's, where education was carried on, manuscripts were written, and there was quiet for prayers and work.

Perhaps Godgytha's head may have rested, when the long night came, on a “pillow stone,” such as these in the wall-case opposite, for they were found under the heads of skeletons in a convent in Durham. You notice the cross and prayer on them? They make one think of another traveller on Life's road, who, centuries before, had fallen asleep with a stone for his pillow, and dreamed glorious visions of the way to God.

The bronze bucket containing coins of the kings of Northumbria, should be looked at, also the huge silver brooch; the bronze buckle and silver found with the coins of Alfred. And now for the Viking's sword, and the fine Danish combs, one of which has on it in Runes,



"Thorfast made a good comb." Alack! these Danish relics bring to our minds the burning of Hilda's Abbey standing out against the blue sky, and of Cuthbert's at Lindisfarne, of the church at Dunwich, even old Richborough Castle did not escape the torches of the invaders.

The fine Irish brooches and ornaments in the wall-case next the door, must not be missed, nor the church bells, belonging to the sixth and seventh centuries. You will notice the names of bishops and saints on them, and on the shrines in which they are enclosed. All these things—do you see the bishop's crozier too?—remind us of the history of the Celtic Church, and of the long train of devoted missionaries who bore such a large share in the conversion of the North of England.

Let us look now at the belongings of the cousins of our forefathers—as the English and Americans claim cousinship now—of those who stayed behind in the old mother countries, in Germany and Scandinavia; they are of great interest to us. How like to those we have been studying, are the weapons and personal adornments from the Teutonic graves, and from the shores of the Baltic. There are some iron rivets and a fragment of a boat—for a whole one we must go to the museum at Christiania, a chief was buried in his boat, as the Gaulish warrior was buried in his chariot—besides combs and beads and the accoutrements of a Frankish soldier from Rhineland, as well as the splendid case of Merovingian possessions in the *Prehistoric Saloon* which make us think of the share taken by later Frankish kings, such as Pepin and Charlemagne, in the quarrels and struggles of the English kings for the over-lordship.

Will you write the names of Pepin and Charlemagne in the latter half of the eighth century, and two centuries before that, the name of Chilpéric, the Frankish king.

What stories of wild life and passions these swords, glasses, and fine ornaments could tell us! As we listen to the historian we see vivid pictures of the times, and shudderingly hold our breath as Fredegonda (Chilpéric's wife) works her wicked will; and we stand sadly at the deathbed of the good old bishop. As for poor Galeswintha, who had to marry Chilpéric, the tears come to our eyes as we witness the bitter parting from her mother; yet one more day, and one more, must they journey together, till the impatient lords, sent to fetch the unwilling bride, insist on the queen-mother's return, and Galeswintha goes on with them, alone, to meet her sad fate.

On looking round once more on the Saxon cases—have you sketched that Frankish jug in the corner, and the silver spoon and fork, the writing tablet, the engraver's trial on a piece of bone, in the table case near the casket?—the names on the various labels bring home to us the number of different places, some widely apart, whence the objects come.

As you rush through England in the train for your summer holiday, you can scarcely avoid passing through some neighbourhood where Anglo-Saxon relics have been already found. In Lincolnshire, for instance, the Sleaford line cuts right through one of the largest cemeteries; the breezy downs in the Isle of Wight give a rich supply; there is scarcely an acre in Kent where some memento has not been found, and even from Cornwall, Durham, Dumfriesshire come specimens. Perhaps you would like to mark with red dots, on your Anglo-Saxon map, the chief places represented by treasure found, in this small room; and fill in, as many as you have room for, the names that were given by the Saxons, *e.g.*, Sudbury, Edinburgh, Chepstowe, Church Stretton, Hythe, Lyndhurst, Mersey, Tamworth. A good Etymological



Dictionary will give you the meaning of these names, as well as the Danish ones you need for your Danish map. In this map you will find Lincolnshire a sort of headquarters for names ending in "by," Danish for town, and "thorp," a village. You will be interested in tracing the fierce northern folk across the country as it were, like rivers, by the names of their settlements. Look out for "caster" instead of "chester," "kirk" instead of "church," as well as "garth," "fell," and "toft." While you make and study your maps, picture to yourself our country as it was—over a thousand years ago—when the Saxon and Dane set up their "stead" and "ton," their "by" and "toft" along the seashore, and settled by degrees among the quiet hills and dales, moors and fens.

How different from the England you see now, as the iron-horse eating coal, breathing fire and smoke, whirls you from London to Scotland in a few hours! Large and small towns, villages, tall smoking chimneys, seem to fly by, with short pauses of cultivated fields, and you see very few commons, or large woods and marshes. And everywhere, except in the real country, are crowds of people, and in all directions, through tunnels in the hills, over rivers by bridges, race more iron steeds (like yours) drawing after them tons and tons of coal, bricks, stones, food, clothing (in every stage) and everything else wanted for the use of the descendants of the daring people who came by way of the "fishes' flood." As you "think" over your map, and over what you have seen in your journeys, it will strike you that a great deal of hard work—clearing forests, draining fens, ploughing up commons, as well as building towns, and starting manufactories, railways, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lighting—all this and much more has been done by English hands

and heads, in the generations that connect the fifth century with the twentieth.

But there are still a few treasures to see belonging to Saxon times, in the *Gold Room*, through the *Room of Terra-cottas*. In the entrance passage, beside the rings left by the Romans in Britain, are some very handsome Merovingian and Saxon gold rings; especially interesting is the one which belonged to Alfred's sister, Ethelswith. You will find one that belonged to Alfred's father, Ethelwulf, in a case in the *Gem Room* itself, beside the wonderful gold cup of St. Agnes. Close by are two rings, one agate, one gold, found in different parts of the country, but both bear the same Runic inscription, a sort of charm against leprosy and fever. Just below is a copy of the Alfred jewel, which was found three miles from the retreat in Athelney. "Alfred bade me be wrought." Besides these, in the cases against the walls, are twisted gold Viking torcs and armlets, also Celtic gold collars and adornments for man and his "first" friend, the horse.

As we turn away from these cases, the words towards the end of Beowulf come to us:—

"In the mound they placed rings and jewels,  
Also ornaments;  
They left the treasure of Earls  
To the earth to hold,  
Gold in the dust."

And now we will go down the stairs again, and turn into the *Grenville Library*; in the first case to our left, we shall find the earliest English illuminated manuscripts. Notice the good drawing of the Figure on the Cross, the fine initial B; the beautiful initials and borders in the copy of the gospels, with the inserted copy of a charter of King Cnut.



The outline drawings in the Register of New Minster (where Alfred was buried) show Cnut and his queen placing a great gold cross on the altar. You will remember the story of Cnut and his flattering courtiers, on the seashore; and the vow which this Danish king of England made, and kept, to lead a right life and to rule justly. Enter his name near the beginning of the eleventh century.

Then there is the richly ornamental charter of King Edgar, write his name about the middle of the tenth century, recalling as you do so, the story of the British princes of the west, rowing him on the river Dee. That half century between Edgar and Cnut saw a bitter struggle and much suffering. Ethelred—the “Unready”—because he would take no man’s “rede” or counsel, bought off the Danes, who came again and again plundering, burning, killing. Then the English massacred the Danes, when they got a chance, and brought down vengeance from their King Swegen, who ravaged and fought and conquered. Ethelred and his wife, sister of the reigning Duke of Normandy, fled across the Channel to him for protection, and so England passed to Danish kings for a time.

There is a charter of Cnut (Swegen’s son) near the case of English manuscripts in the *Manuscript Room* and also one of Offa, end of the eighth century, confirming a grant of land to his thane and a sister. Look too at the charter of Edward the Confessor close by. As you write his name towards the middle of the eleventh century a vision will rise up of the gentle, white-haired man, with ruddy cheeks, the last king of the old English royal race. We all know his tomb in Westminster Abbey, not the Abbey that he spent his strength and substance in building, that one passed away as the present one rose slowly in its place, to which his body was removed, and where

he now lies surrounded by the kings and queens of later time.

Every reigning sovereign from his day to ours (one can scarcely count the poor little Edward V. of the Tower) has been crowned a few feet from the shrine that contains the dust of one of the most revered and beloved of our kings.

He died in January. On Christmas Day in that same momentous year, 1066, William the Conqueror, the first in the long line, was crowned in the Abbey, amidst shouts of “yea,” “yea,” from the subjects who “bowed to him, for need.” His Normans outside, alarmed at the shouting, feared for the safety of their Duke, and battered at the doors in a tumult. Truly a living picture of the old order giving place to the new.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

- The Making of the English Nation*, by Robertson; Oxford Manuals, Blackie & Sons, 1/-.
- From Palæolith to Motor Car; or Heacham Tales*, by H. Lowerison, 3/6.
- The Adventures of Beowulf*, C. Thomson; Horace Marshall & Co., 1/6.
- Guide to the MSS., Charters, &c.*, British Museum, 6d.
- King Alfred the Great*, by Walter Besant; Horace Cox, Breams Buildings, E.C., 6d.
- Thierry’s Narrative of the Merovingian Era*.



CHAPTER IV.

HELLAS AND THE HELLENES.

PART I.

"The Present moves attended  
With all of brave and excellent and fair,  
That made the Old Time splendid."

IF you turn back the pages of your museum note-book, from the last entry—the seal of Edward the Confessor—to the fourth century B.C., you will find the name of the old geographer and traveller, Pytheas. You will recall the glimpses of Britain that we had through him, glimpses rather uncertain and wavering, that only showed us how very dim are those far-off times, in the countries he visited, and how little we really know of the old Britons and Gauls of those centuries.

Let us turn to the map we made to illustrate the Roman Empire in the first century A.D., and go home with Pytheas. No doubt it was rough in the Bay, it often is, and Pytheas, in his small boat, may have thought that the sight of the barbarians—the "unintelligible people" whose speech sounded like "bar-bar" to his Greek ear—had been scarcely interesting enough to make the expedition worth while. However, once round the west of Spain, past the high rock that the traveller little thought would belong two thousand years later to dwellers in the foggy island he had just left, and safe once more in the familiar waters of the blue Mediterranean, the old sailor could safely "spin his yarns" in his home at Massilia (now Marseilles) of the round huts, wicker boats, great

stone circles that he had seen; there was no fear of contradiction.

Our voyage will be many miles longer, if, leaving Pytheas at Massilia, we press on to see the Mother Country that had planted this Colony, and many more besides, on the shores and islands of the Great Sea. We shall pass some on the south of Sicily and Italy on the way to Crete. Then, still going towards the rising sun, we come to the sea of many islands, giant's stepping-stones, they are, to the fringe of colonies at the edge of Asia Minor. Turning back, we are at last in the presence of the little Mother Country, who had sent out so many strong and large children, in very orderly fashion too. It is Hellas, the land of the Hellenes; or as we say, following the Romans, Greece of the Greeks.

Now call to mind all that you have ever seen that is beautiful, actually or in pictures, in Cornwall, Wales, the Lake Country, Scotland, Ireland, and then, as you pore over the map of Greece and the Archipelago, let your fancy see the blue sea as it laps gently on the yellow-white sand in endless little bays and creeks of the "in-and-out" shore. There are dark rocks and deep waters too, where the mountains seem to plunge into the sea, to raise their heads later as gay little islands.

And those solemn mountains, some rugged and bare and snow-capped, some clothed with dark woods; they seem to guard—as in truth they did—the smiling valleys between, full of flowers and fertile fields. Listen to the sound of the streams, now hurried and noisy, now slow and whispering—do you know the sound of a "wee burnie" in the Highlands?—and feel, if you can, the warm sunshine, and delicious breeze, the clear, crisp air, and watch the rosy sunrise, the glowing golden setting, the blue sky of day turn to deep purple sown thickly with the brightest of stars. Listen too to what your favourite



poets tell you of Greece, and you will soon long to know the people who lived in such an inspiring country—no larger than Scotland—and whose influence throughout the centuries has been for all that is noble in art and literature.

Even a hurried walk round the rooms—about twenty of them—that contain treasures from Greece, will show wherein this influence lies. Those graceful forms caught in lasting marble, those perfect temples, that wonderful picture gallery of the vases, together with the treasures in the *Bronze, Coin, Gem, and Terra-cotta Rooms*, show us what the Hellenes were, how they lived and thought. It is only time and growth that will make us fully realise how much their lives and work have mattered to all who have come after them, with eyes to see, and ears to hear.

We will not begin at the beginning, but, like children who cannot wait, and must have the best first, will turn to the century before Pytheas, the fifth century B.C. You must be careful of space in this page; there is so much to draw, so much to write, and the interest of it all is so absorbing.

It opens with the clash of arms, with the trampling of huge armies, with deeds of brave daring that make your heart beat, your cheek hot. You know the stories of the Field of Fennel, of the Hot Gates, of the Land-locked Bay, of the Retreat of the Ivory Throne? So write the great names of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa, at the top of the page; your history will tell you of the Persians and how the Greeks met them, and how the message of the gods came true, and fire and sword destroyed Athens and the temples.

Standing before the model of the Acropolis in the *Elgin Marble Room*, let us throw ourselves into the heart of Athens; remembering that, though Sparta was brave, Thebes dogged, and other states that went to make up the whole had some good points, it was really Athens that



Restored view of the Acropolis, Athens—page 58.



Pericles. Found near Tivoli, 1781  
—page 59.



Athene Parthenos. From Cast; original  
Statuette in Athens—page 60.

Photos by

W. A. Mansell & Co.



was the life and soul of Greece, and the centre of those circles of ever-widening influence.

You see a hill, flat at the top, which is twice as long as it is broad, with steep sides as high as the cliffs at Dover, rising from the rocky plain on which Athens was built. You mount by the Gate Temple, and, while resting, turn to look at the glorious view; the shining sea some four or five miles off, the misty hills in the distance, the dark ones nearer, the slow shallow streams hidden with olive groves. You will notice other hills in the town, crowned with buildings and trees. On this one, marked Mars Hill, a stranger stood, in the first century A.D., and preached a long and wise sermon to the men of Athens, and its text was the temples and altars before him.

If you dig down some little way below the surface of the Acropolis you come upon what is called a "stratum of ruin"; a layer of blackened and broken remains; they tell the story of the sack of Athens by the Persians. Sad as it was, it gave an opportunity (you remember the opportunity to Sir Christopher Wren given by the Great Fire?), and fortunately for Greece, and the world, there were men ready and able to make the most of it. Close beside us is the bust of Pericles, one of the greatest rulers of Athens, who organised the great work of rebuilding, and found the necessary money; there were architects too, able to plan great temples, and the finest sculptor the world has ever seen, to adorn the buildings with his own work and that of the pupils he inspired.

Let us move on to the model of the Parthenon, the greatest of these temples, you can see its position on the Acropolis, near its south edge, high above the great Theatre of Dionysius, from the model of the "hill of the citadel."

Walk round it slowly, notice its plan, twice as long as it is broad; the central chamber, the cella or temple itself,



surrounded by massive simple columns, two rows of them at each end; above these the triangular gables or pediments; then, peering inside, notice the division into two large halls, and the spot where stood the great statue of Athene; there is none left of it now, but the small statue close by is supposed to be a Roman copy, and to give some idea of the original. Think it out; forty feet high (seven tall men standing one above the other); the face, arms, and feet of ivory; the garments, shield and helmet of gold; the image of Victory, six feet high, standing on the outstretched hand with a golden wreath. It must have had a solemn and magnificent effect when seen in the splendid temple built to contain it.

The steps and passage round the cella seem to invite one to come thus near to the temple, to study its beauties. Look up, under the shadow of the columns and the roof they support, is a continuous band of sculpture, in low relief. A great part of this band, the frieze, has been brought to England, and is arranged round the walls of this *Elgin Room*. Now stand outside, and see the square blocks of sculptured stone, filling up the spaces between the beams (represented in stone). These are the metopes; many of these too are on the walls above the frieze. In the pediments of the model are shown the remnants of the sculptures in the round, which once adorned them in their perfect beauty.

Let us take each of these three different classes of sculpture which belonged to the Parthenon, the work of Pheidias and his "school," and find out enough about them to make us want to know more, and then come back to our model, to bring it as far as we can to our minds in its first glory, when finished, about the middle of the fifth century B.C. Athene was worshipped in her temple for a thousand years; then Christianity was accepted in Greece—about the time when Christian Missionaries from Ireland

and Rome were preaching to our English forefathers—and the Parthenon was turned into a church. Then, alack! Athens was taken by the Turks, the year Elizabeth came to the throne, and the Parthenon became a mosque. Some two hundred years later came a great calamity. The Venetians bombarding the town, set fire to the powder kept in the chamber, where once the great mysterious statue was honoured, and there was an explosion which threw down the walls and roof as you see them in the model.

Perhaps the pediment sculptures suffered the most. You see those that have been brought to England set out on marble plinths each side of the long room; weather worn and broken as they are, they are considered the most perfect models for study for all artists.

Take the East Pediment first, it was the one over the chief entrance farthest away from the Gate Temple, which led up to the Acropolis. You will notice first the top of one of the columns, of the simple and grand Doric order, which is placed between the two halves of the marble plinths. Above this is the copy of a drawing made a few years before the explosion, and by its help we are able to form some idea, though by no means an exact one, of how the broken and prostrate figures were originally set up. An old traveller, who loved old buildings and old stories (will you write his name, Pausanias, beside that of another book-writer, Marcus Aurelius, in the middle of the second century A.D.) tells us that the subject of the East Pediment sculptures was the old story of how the goddess Athene sprang fully armed from the head of the great Zeus, her father; so we can try to imagine the lost central group—Zeus, his daughter, and Hephæstos, who split open the god's head with his axe. Of the various gods and goddesses grouped about them, perhaps the slight figure with the floating drapery was the beautiful messenger, Iris, the



rainbow, flying to take the wonderful news to the world; perhaps the grand figure easily reclining on a rock is Theseus, a hero-king of oldest Athens, to whom was raised a beautiful temple below the Acropolis, standing almost perfect, to this day. The horses of Helios, the sun-god (are you thinking of the heliotrope?), are on the left, rising with fiery impatience above the rippling waves. We cannot hear the splash, as Tacitus suggested! On the other end is the downward bent head of one of the horses of the moon-goddess, Selene, about to sink below the horizon; sunrise; moon-set. Enjoy slowly the perfection of this head, the truth of the swelling neck and nostrils, those holes show where metal bridle and trappings were once fastened.

The West Pediment takes us back to the story of the founding of Athens, and again the drawings of the artist Carrey help us to reconstruct the groups. You remember the story? Athene and Poseidon, god of the sea, disputed as to the possession of Attica; it was about the size of Cornwall. The gods decided that it should belong to the one who gave the best gift to the country. So Poseidon struck with his trident (Father Thames has taken the pattern of this) and a salt spring bubbled up (some say a horse appeared). Athene, the wise, stooped down and planted a seed-stone which grew and grew as the silent company watched, to a beautiful olive tree; for long, long years the spring, the marks of the trident, and the olive tree were shown in the Temple of Erechtheus, on the north side of the Acropolis.

The gods judged Athene's gift the best, and so the city became Athens, after its chief goddess and protector, and the olive trees spread slowly by the river banks, and gave their fruit to make oil to increase the riches of the country. It is supposed that the figures on each side of the two

principal ones are gods and heroes of Attica, and sea and river gods, sympathising with Athene or Poseidon.

Now for the metopes. You will notice how far the figures of the Centaurs, half-men, half-horses, and the men they are fighting, the Lapiths, stand out from the background, this sculpture is in high relief.

The reason for the fight is said to have been the bad behaviour of the Centaurs at a wedding feast, where they tried to run off with a Lapith bride. You will notice the fine modelling, the expression on the faces, the grouping and strong action of it all, before turning to study the frieze.

One needs to go round the room many times, and slowly, to take in the spirit and feeling of this wonderful frieze. You see, at a glance, it represents a procession, the great procession that once every four years, assembled in the outer Potters' field and wound its way round the base of the Acropolis, up through the beautiful Gate Temple, to present a new garment to drape the little olive wood statue of Athene, believed to have fallen from heaven, or, as some say, the gold and ivory statue of Pheidias. But this procession must not remain in marble to us; we must see the colour, the white, purple, blue, crimson garments; the golden ornaments and vessels sparkling in the sun; the dazzling armour; the animated faces and shining eyes. We must hear too the joyful shouts as the victors in the games pass by; the strains of music and song; the trampling of the horses, the lowing and bleating of the victims for the sacrifices; and with it all is borne the smell of the fruit and flowers, sweet spices and cakes, carried in baskets and trays, through the warm soft air and sunshine.

Call to mind the enthusiasm of any cheering crowd you have seen, at the Coronation, for instance, and the sort of feeling like a lump in your throat (are you sure there



were no tears in your eyes?) as the splendid horses pranced by to stirring music, and then Royalty, which to us English means so much, passed swiftly on amidst loud greetings. Think too of our excitement and pleasure when our own boys, brothers and sons, win in the match or in the sports, and what reflected glory we feel at having prize winners and successful authors and musicians in our own family and town. All this and much more did the Athenians feel on those grand days. It was a religious festival that stirred their deepest feelings; their goddess had to be honoured and propitiated with sacrifices by her own people, colonists as well as those who lived under the protecting shadow of her mighty uplifted sword. Imagine her great bronze figure, not far from the Gate Temple, seventy feet high; the sailors out at sea could see the tip of that sword and the crest of the helmet.

If the light be good, you can see on the model where the procession is supposed to start, and trace it round the cella. How you enjoy the details; the horsemen getting ready, fastening sandals and garments, soothing the horses (one dear animal is licking his fore leg), the speed gradually increasing, marshals hurrying them up and getting all in order, holding back the chariot coming on too fast; then the modest dignified girls, and the lovely folds of their simple garments! A record has been found, belonging to the end of the first century B.C., saying that girls such as these "had performed all their duties, and had walked in the procession in the manner ordained with the utmost beauty and grace." They had also subscribed for a silver cup to be dedicated to Athene and placed in the treasury of the Parthenon.

The old men with branches, and the magistrates belong to the quieter part of the procession and lead up to the most important, and perhaps the most beautiful, part of it, and here we touch fable again. There is a seated row



Two Horsemen in the Parthenon Frieze—page 64.



A Metope from the south side of the Parthenon.  
A Lapith fighting with a Centaur—page 63.



Group of Sculptures of the East Pediment of the Parthenon,  
with Metopes in the background—page 62.



of gods and goddesses—if it were a picture they would be in a semi-circle in the background—waiting to receive the bearers of the peplos, that wondrously embroidered robe of saffron and purple wrought by the young maidens of Athens. What grace there is in these figures, what repose and perfect ease, what greatness!

They make us realise what fine models Pheidias, the master sculptor, must have had before his eyes, in these old Hellenes of the fifth century B.C.

And now, let us go back to the temple model for a few minutes' thought. Lift, as it were, those round pediment sculptures to their place, see the metopes in position and the frieze round the north and south sides of the cella, and round the band at the top of the inner row of columns, in front of the east and west entrances. Besides all this, fix on the lions' heads (there is one on the wall behind the Caryatid) at each end of the pediments, and the smaller adornments along the edge of the roof, and the gleaming gold shields below the metopes and beam ends. Remember too, that the marble now grey with age was dazzling white when fresh from the quarries near by; also that a great deal of the sculpture was picked out with colour, and relieved with metal trappings and weapons.

What lights and shades and hidden beauties must have been revealed in the glories of the sunrise and sunset!

But the Parthenon is not the only temple represented in the museum. Look at that beautiful strong figure, the Caryatid, one of the six supports in the south porch of the Temple of Erechtheus, where the sacred little olive-wood statue had its home, and where the trident marks, salt spring and olive tree were shown. Perhaps you have noticed a copy of this figure in St. Pancras Church, Euston Road? You will see the difference between the Ionic column from the eastern porch, and the Doric one



of the Parthenon. Sketch them both for your note-book; the Erechtheion belongs to the end of the fifth century.

In the *Phigaleian Room* is an interesting picture of the Temple of Apollo, built by Ictinos, the architect of the Parthenon; and some of the metopes belonging to each end, and the frieze, an inside decoration in this temple, are on the walls of the room. Here we get Centaurs and Lapiths again, and the battles of Greeks and the warlike Amazon women.

We next wend our way to the *Mausoleum Room* to find the remains of the Tomb of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, one of the Greek colonies in Asia Minor. You can enter it in the middle of the fourth century—just a hundred years later than the work of Ictinos.

The two colossal figures in the middle of the room are Mausolus and his wife Artemisia, who showed her love and sorrow by raising this most wonderful tomb to his memory. It was so ruined when discovered, that no one is sure of its construction, though most scholars agree that the royal pair stood in a chariot drawn by four horses on the top of a pyramid of steps, which was supported by columns on a high base, richly sculptured. All was highly coloured, and further ornamented with lions and marble groups. You will find the models and pictures interesting, especially the one that shows the beautiful country in which it stood. A few minutes from the museum is St. George's Church, the top of which is an imitation of the Mausoleum pyramid, surmounted by George II. in a Roman toga!

Up the steps from the *Mausoleum Room* we come to the beautiful Nereid Monument, found also in Asia Minor, in Lycia, destroyed by an earthquake. The model helps one to reconstruct it, and see where the friezes and figures fitted in; the sea maidens, who give their name to the monument, give a delightful sense of easy motion,

“scudding along the surface of the waves.” This belongs too to the fifth century.

Do you remember a stirring scene in the first century A.D., when, as the result of a sermon by the same fearless preacher we saw on Mars Hill in Athens, there was a great riot of workmen shouting for hours: “Great is Diana (Artemis) of the Ephesians”? They were afraid, if the preacher were listened to, that their trade, their living would be done, for they made gold and silver articles (such as the cup the maidens dedicated to Athene) for people to buy and offer at the shrine of Artemis. A feeling of nearness to this scene of two thousand years ago comes to us as we enter the *Ephesus Room* and see the sculptured columns, the Ionic capital and other fragments of this temple. It was probably finished about the end of the fourth century B.C., so was already four hundred years old at the time of St. Paul's visit.

Yes, that is Alexander the Great close by. It is said that the first temple at Ephesus was burnt down the night of his birth, and this one was building while he was pursuing his mad career of conquest across Asia.

#### BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND ILLUSTRATION.

*The Isles of Greece*, by Byron.

*Greek Songs*, by Mrs. Hemans.

*Ode on a Grecian Urn*, by Keats.

*Robinson's Short History of Greece*.

*Guide to the Sculptures of the Parthenon*, British Museum, 1/-.

*Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, British Museum, 1/-.



CHAPTER V.

HELLAS AND THE HELLENES.

PART II.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE VASES.

“What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?”

“I AM one of the prizes from Athens.” So runs the inscription on one of the oldest Pan-Athenaic vases that the Museum possesses, the Burgon vase, in the *Second Vase Room*. Found in Athens itself, it was won there a hundred or more years before the glorious temples and statues of the time of Pericles crowned the “hill of the city.” For the procession, pictured on the frieze of the Parthenon, with the games that went before it, was no new event in the fifth century B.C.; for long years, strong young men had trained, and practised and striven to be best in certain feats of bodily skill, and the winner, besides much honour and many privileges, obtained one of these red and black figured amphoræ, full of precious olive oil.

An old Greek poet sings of the sweet strains of music that heralded and welcomed the triumphant victor in the games, at the festival of the Athenians, and of the figured earthenware vase, baked in the fire, that contained the prize of the olive fruit.

What an echo this brings to us of the brilliant holiday, full of colour and life and enthusiasm, in the clear sunshine; an echo repeated still more faintly in the dim far

away story of how Athene won her Athens by the gift of the olive tree.

Let us look well at these vases: some sixteen of the older ones in the *Second Vase Room*, and eleven in the *Fourth Vase Room* of later date. Athene, with shield and spear appears on them all, painted in a stiff, ancient style; sometimes her robe is so rich it recalls the peplos worked by the Athenian maidens; sometimes the inside of her shield is seen, though generally the outside, and many and varied are the adornments upon it. In the Burgon vase, it is a fish; on others close by are patterns of stars, Pegasus, snakes, an ox; but one of the most interesting is the group (in the *Fourth Vase Room*) of two friends—Harmodius and Aristogeiton—who died in the attempt to set Athens free from tyrants. One of these, Hipparchus, was killed by Harmodius, as he was in the act of marshalling the Pan-Athenaic procession: Do you remember the marshals beckoning, and holding back, on the frieze? You might draw the two figures from Athene’s shield towards the end of the sixth century B.C.; they are from a well-known marble group in Athens, carried off by the Persians, and either restored or copied in later times.

So much for the obverse side of the vases; on the reverse, in nearly every case, you will find pictured on it the game or race for which the prize was won. The Burgon vase, for instance, shows the race of the two-horse chariot, the Biga; another close by, shows the four-horse chariot, the Quadriga, at full gallop. Musical contests on the lyre, and the double-pipes are on two others; there are also scenes showing the honour done to the “one” who “receiveth the crown.” How one would like to have heard the herald announcing the victory, in his clear flowing Greek, and seen the wreath (a perishable one no doubt, like those St. Paul had in his mind) won in other great games of Greece, of wild olive, bay and parsley.



Those tripods we shall see amongst the bronzes later on. But most of the contests shown on these vases make us think of the "sports" in which our boys of to-day try for silver cups and medals, others bring us a moving vision of Highland games, with heather underfoot, blue hills in the distance, and the heartening skirl of the bagpipes!

See these athletes of twenty-five centuries ago, hurling the disk or spear, boxing, wrestling, foot-racing, jumping, with weights in the hands—we shall find a pair of these "halteres" among the bronzes—generally with an instructor or umpire beside them. It was not easy to be first, where all were so good; the possession of one of these vases meant years of unwearied training in the gymnasium.

Perhaps when you were looking at the relics from the Gaulish chariot burial, in the *Prehistoric Saloon*, a bronze jug and a cup-shaped vase in red and black ware, caught your eye, as being different from any of the other vessels from Gaulish and British graves. Sketch the cup carefully, noting the shape, handles, arrangement of a red figure on a black ground. Its shape reminds one of the cup of a flower, and it bears the same name, a *kylix*. Now think of it; that vase was made in Greece, in the fifth century B.C. (we shall find many more of the same style in the *Vase Room* of that period); it was brought by the fortune of trade or war to the cold north, to lie for centuries there beside the great warrior who had owned it, in his mouldering chariot grave.

Passing slowly through the four *Vase Rooms*, we soon realise that we are truly in a picture gallery that will illustrate for us not only the daily life of the old Hellenes, but more wonderful still, will show us what ideas were passing in their minds, about their religion and the bright fancies inspired by their beautiful land and climate, and about the poems and plays they knew by heart. Some of

the pictures are signed; signed by artists who laid down their brushes a thousand years before the Angles and Saxons came over the North Sea, to settle along the shores of Britain.

Before examining the pictures, it will be useful to draw the various shapes of the vases in a page at the end of the note-book, putting the name and use beneath each sketch (see "Guide to the Greek and Roman Antiquities," pages 186-192). The *amphora* is already familiar from our study of those used for prizes; the *kylix* or drinking cup, we know, too, from the Gaulish burial; the wide-mouthed *crater* (compare the crater or cup of a volcano) was used for mixing wine and water after the feast; the *kyathos*, ladled the mixture into the jug, *oinochoë*. Then there is the water jug, the *hydria*, with three handles which we shall often see on the vases, as well as the saucer-like *phiale* for pouring out offerings to the gods. Besides these are more drinking cups, and jugs that were used for pouring out oil, a drop at a time. As you think over the beautiful forms of these vessels, you will not wonder that the artist-potter often signed his name, as well as the artist-painter.

Some of the oldest pottery in the *First Room* goes back to twenty centuries B.C.; some has been dug up from the supposed site of Troy, at the north-east corner of Asia Minor, just below the "Sea of Helle," where the tired little girl loosed her hold of the golden-fleeced ram; possibly some of these light vases, ornamented with lines and patterns and queer figures may belong to the stirring times of the great siege and its heroes. You might sketch some of the later ones in this first room in the seventh century B.C., remembering this is all the work of the childhood of the art.

On coming into the *Second Room*, we see a great advance in the shape and style of the vases; black figures



painted on a red ground, which is, in fact, the clay mixed with red ochre, of which the vessel is made. A good sketch for the sixth century is the potter on one of the kylikes, at work, his heavy wheel serving as a table while he fixes a handle on a kylix, with finished vases on a shelf beside him. This is to be found in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* in the case illustrating Industrial Arts.

Perhaps you have already noticed a great difference between the vases of the *Second Room*, and those of the *Third* and *Fourth*? The potter, for instance, is painted in black, on the orange-red clay: what about the figure on the chariot burial kylix? It belongs to the fifth century, and like most of the later ones, the figure is blocked out, and remains red, while the ground is filled in with black, just the reverse of the earlier ones. The stratum of ruin on the Acropolis, the work of the Persians early in the fifth century, gives up fragments of pottery signed by the great artists of this red-figure style.

The vases in the *Fourth Room* cover the third and second centuries B.C.; many are large and showy, but the drawing becomes less and less good, and the subjects less noble; at last, the art of vase-painting dies out.

Now what can we glean from the vases about the daily life of the people we have seen thronging the temples on the Acropolis, or packed in the great Theatre of Dionysus listening with rapt and critical attention to plays, new then, but still read, acted and appreciated, twenty-five centuries later?

We will begin with the babies. In the table case illustrating Toys and Games in the *Room of Greek and Roman Life* are some very small vases, painted with their portraits. Are they really more than two thousand years old? you ask, as you watch the fat baby, so like our own, creeping towards the apple or the toy beyond its reach; will it pull everything down on its head? That



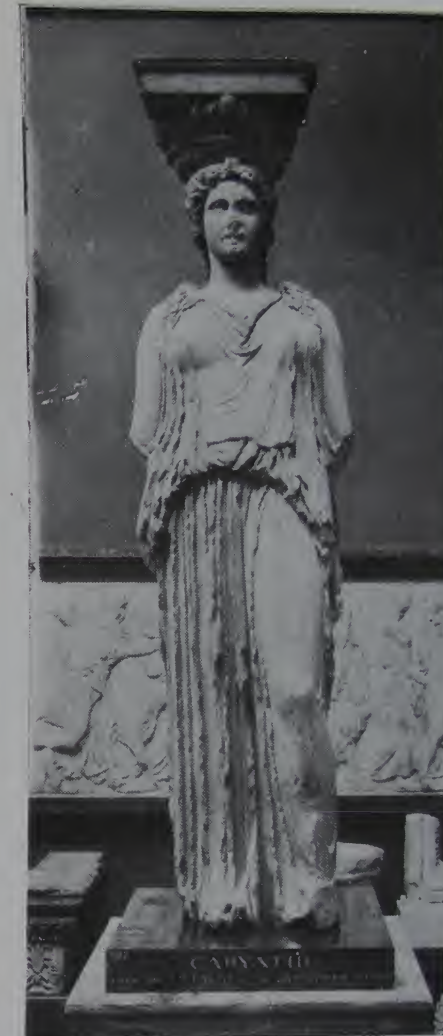
L1 p83 CMC 119



Alexander the Great, born B.C. 356,  
died B.C. 323. Alexandria—page 67.



Greek Dolls and Toys—page 73.



Caryatid from S.W. Porch of  
the Erechtheion. Athens—  
page 65.

*Photos by*

*W. A. Mansell & Co.*